

A Time to Bargain—*Freda Kirchwey*

THE *Nation*

May 3, 1952

BY LORD BOYD-ORR

Moscow Trade Talks

An On-the-Spot Report

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Perón Through in '52?

BY FERMIN GONZALEZ

✱

Trouble in Textiles

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

✱

The Crusading Kefauver

BY CHARLES BARTLETT

MAY 5 1952
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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Cedars of Lebanon

Los Angeles

THE first in a series of full-page advertisements published January 23 in the Hollywood trade papers announced, with a dignity rarely matched in the bombastic movieland press, the beginning of the fund-raising campaign for the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Under the legend, "Keep This Door Open," the hospital was likened to "the sheltering groves of cedars of ancient Lebanon," where a helping hand, peace, and comfort awaited the sick and troubled "no matter whence they came, over what road they traveled."

But the doors which, according to the advertisement, were "open wide to the sick, regardless of ability to pay and irrespective of race or creed," have been closed for political reasons to three staff doctors since the beginning of the year.

The chairman of the board of trustees, Ben R. Meyer, who is also president of the Union Bank and Trust Company, is credited with instigating the removal of the three prominent doctors. At least no one else is willing to claim the honor, and the influence of "Uncle Ben"—as he is called in banking circles—over the hospital trustees is such that the institution is frequently referred to as "Mr. Meyer's hospital."

All three of the banned physicians were recently involved in publicity which "Uncle Ben" would certainly regard as unfavorable. Dr. Murray Abowitz, a specialist in internal medicine and former head of the Cedars arthritis clinic, was front-page news last fall when he appeared as an "unfriendly witness" at the House Un-American Activities subcommittee hearings in Los Angeles; Dr. Alexander Pennes, a radiologist, was also mentioned in testimony at that time and has been subpoenaed for a future hearing in Los Angeles; and Dr. Richard W. Lippman, founder of the kidney-disease clinic and a Guggenheim Fellow, briefly made the news columns when he confirmed the diagnosis of a prison doctor attending a defendant in the current trial of fifteen Communist leaders. Since his dismissal Dr. Lippman has been honored by the United States Public Health Service, which awarded him a

\$12,000 grant for two years' research in his special field, and by his colleagues, who elected him chairman of the Southern California chapter of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine.

The three men had participated in a vigorous and successful fight against the Burns-Tenney bills introduced in the state legislature last year to extend loyalty oaths to dozens of professions licensed by the state. They had protested also the issuance of subpoenas to doctors and lawyers summoned by the House committee and were on record against other invasions of personal freedom.

At the end of last year—with the House committee headed back to Los Angeles and the Cedars building-fund campaign in prospect—the three doctors were simply not reappointed. Hospital authorities insisted that the action was "routine." They said that staff members were dropped every year for a variety of reasons which, out of solicitude for the doctors concerned, were never revealed or made the subject of hearings. Any grievance, they announced, could be taken up with the County Medical Association. In February, after a joint lay-medical committee recommended approval of the "routine" action of the trustees, the hospital's Medical Executive Committee endorsed it as "legal."

Patients, community leaders, organizations of many kinds, and the generally conservative Anglo-Jewish press have entered a vehement protest based, in many instances, not on a defense of the trio's politics, but on the irrelevance of a doctor's political opinions to his right to practice his profession. But the hospital has remained firm. Board members refused to accept registered mail from the dismissed physicians, ignored all pleas for a hearing, and failed to answer requests for factual information.

While continuing to deny that political motives exist, the hospital authorities are showing just how political a medical institution can become. At a meeting called by two of the institution's most eminent physicians, about 200 staff members heard the ousted trio present their case, and agreed to press the medical executive committee for a staff hearing. The next day a doc-

tor who had spoken on behalf of the dismissed doctors was severely rebuked by the chief of staff. Another sympathetic doctor, refused a bed for a patient, was reminded that his first "loyalty" should be to the hospital. A recently promoted staff member explained he could not sign the doctors' petition for reinstatement for fear of his appointment being canceled. Others expressed fear of reprisals and intimidation, either in denial of bed privileges for their patients or dismissal from the staff.

The hospital's devotion to its mission was underscored when Dr. Lippman, summoned for consultations on two cases by attending physicians, was refused admittance to the patients' rooms. It is impossible, of course, to know whether Dr. Lippman might have saved the patients; the fact is that they died.

The Los Angeles Jewish Community Council, representing more than sixty member agencies, some of which directly support the Cedars of Lebanon clinical program, has attempted a reconciliation between the dismissed doctors and the hospital. Since February 21 a committee of eight leading citizens, charged with investigating the facts of the eviction, has diligently applied itself to its serious task. It is the only group which has succeeded in meeting with the hospital's lay and medical executives, which is no small accomplishment in itself.

Last week the Community Council recommended that the trustees grant the three doctors a hearing. In the face of the hospital's previous insistence that the County Medical Association offered adequate grievance procedure, the recommendation has been hailed as a significant victory by supporters of the ousted trio.

As the Cedars experiment in political anesthesia may drag on through many more months of debate and possible court action, the Community Council might meanwhile get from the trustees an indication of the extent to which political standards will guide future admittances to the hospital. Will the "sick and troubled" be the next victims?

HANNAH BLOOM

[Hannah Bloom is Los Angeles correspondent of The Nation.]

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

PREMIER DE GASPERI'S UNDISPUTED SKILL IN political maneuver is being put to a severe test by the approaching provincial and municipal elections in central and southern Italy. His position is much more difficult than in last summer's vote in the north, which gave the Christian Democrats the full benefit of an amended electoral law aimed, as in France, at cutting down the representation of the Left. There the rival group on the Right, the neo-fascist Italian Social Movement, was not a real competitor and De Gasperi's party could easily absorb its votes and obtain the two-thirds majority of the councils insured under the new law. In the south and center, on the contrary, he finds himself without allies on the Right and facing a strong Communist-Left-Socialist coalition. De Gasperi could not ally himself with the extreme Right without provoking a storm in his own party ranks. In any case, the neo-Fascists, whose strength has increased in accordance with the general trend in Europe, want to demonstrate their power as a separate party. So De Gasperi was forced to try to patch up the coalition of Christian Democrats, Republicans, Liberals, and right-wing Socialists, but the effort collapsed as the result of Republican and Socialist opposition. Now the government party faces an electoral battle on two fronts, without effective allies, against the obstacle of public disappointment over De Gasperi's failure on Trieste and his equally embarrassing failure to produce the \$680,000,000 he was supposed to have brought back from Washington.

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A PERCEPTIVE AND COURAGEOUS ADDRESS on the State of the Church was presented last week at the opening session of the quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Church, meeting in San Francisco. Most noteworthy is the manner in which the seventy bishops, who gave their unanimous approval to the document, relate foreign and domestic issues. "It is not Russia," reads the statement, "that is our real enemy but the evils in modern society which Russia falsely offers to eradicate." Emphatic in its renunciation of communism, the message boldly asserts that "our real problem turns out to be not communism but revolution"; everywhere humanity is in revolt against poverty,

famine, and exploitation. And the right conclusion is unhesitatingly drawn: a policy of military containment is "morally fallacious" and should be rejected. The message then points out the domestic consequences of this policy: "concerted and often vicious efforts to regiment thought and curb freedom of speech" in politics, education, and religion. Not at all intimidated by a recent report of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the message contains an unapologetic defense of the Methodist Federation for Social Action and takes to task those who seek to declare "out of bounds" any Methodist, layman or minister, who dares to think independently on issues concerning the current social and economic order. Delivered by Bishop Paul B. Kern of Nashville, the message should encourage all those who resent current efforts to restrict traditional American freedoms.

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BRITAIN'S ANNUAL ECONOMIC SURVEY WAS originated by the Labor Government as an important part of the machinery of planning. Its purpose was to assess total national resources and to budget their distribution. In the beginning, perhaps, the blueprints were too detailed and too rigid, making insufficient allowance for changing conditions. Now the first Tory contribution, the work of reluctant converts to planning, goes to the other extreme, being designed to do no more than explain the facts of the economic situation as a "background" to consideration of government policies. A final section does, however, set forth an attenuated balance sheet showing that even if the "hope" of a \$700,000,000 increase in national output is realized, total resources available for personal consumption and investment will decline by a similar figure owing to increased government expenditure on defense, larger exports, and diminished imports. Since total personal consumption is expected to remain at the 1951 level, there must be a cut of \$700,000,000 in investment. The survey states that this cut will be divided between fixed capital and inventories but provides no detailed information about the industries that will be affected. Again, while properly putting great emphasis on Britain's need for redressing its trade balance, the survey is surprisingly vague about ways and means. As the London *Daily Mirror* of April 23 comments: "The survey admits that exports will be

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very hard to increase but does not suggest that there is any real government plan to see that industries forge ahead and get the exports. The government must do more than sit and wait." ✕

THE APPOINTMENT OF GAEL SULLIVAN AS Kefauver's campaign manager lends added interest to the Tennessean's vigorous try for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Mr. Sullivan brings to the undertaking a sure knowledge of how political machines are run—indispensable to the chances of any would-be nominee—and much besides. It is an open secret that he broke with Mr. Truman and resigned as acting chairman of the Democratic National Committee because of his preference for Justice William O. Douglas as the 1948 candidate. Four years later Justice Douglas still represents Mr. Sullivan's ideal choice for the Presidency. Imaginative, dynamic, a strong civil libertarian committed by temperament and conviction to the Roosevelt concepts, Gael Sullivan has taken a leave of absence from his post as Executive Director of Theater Owners of America to back Kefauver in a fight for the return of the country to democratic principles and practices. If, together, they will work out a program that offers a real challenge to the Republicans, they have a unique opportunity to rally behind them the independent vote. The basic danger today is that, given little to choose between the platforms of the parties, people will decide not to use their franchise at all.

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SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, WHO DIED LAST week after a long and characteristically courageous struggle against a combination of painful maladies, brought to British politics one of the finest minds of the generation. Superficial observers, indeed, were sometimes so impressed by his mental capacity that they saw him as a kind of mechanical brain, efficient but soulless. Actually, the scope of his intellect and the clarity of his thought were matched by an unshakable integrity and a passionate concern for social justice. Cripps had, it is true, a full share of British reserve: he was not an easy man to know. Yet beneath the rather frosty exterior there was real warmth, a fact attested by his popularity in his constituency—a Bristol working-class district—and the kind of devotion he won from the very able group of M.P.'s and civil servants he gathered about him at the Treasury. If Cripps never commanded the easy affection of the crowd, he did gain an unusual measure of public respect. When he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1947, the British recovery effort was faltering. He took vigorous steps to speed up production and exports while warding off inflation by the austerity measures which will always be associated with his name. Such measures were bound to be unpopular. Neverthe-

less, Cripps's sincerity, together with his lucid expositions of economic necessities, carried conviction and he won an amazing degree of cooperation. Trade unionists in particular responded to his appeals for restraint in wage demands because they realized that his policies were genuinely designed to achieve equality of sacrifice and that his aim was to strengthen the economy so it could bear the weight of the welfare state. His strength failed before he could complete the task, but the foundations he laid are likely to prove a durable monument to his ideals.

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ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, CONTINUES TO be "our town in turmoil" (see *The Nation*, June 16, 1951). Mary McLeod Bethune, president emeritus of Bethune-Cookman College, president of the National Council of Negro Women, vice-president of the N. A. A. C. P. and the Urban League, was scheduled to speak in the local junior high school at a meeting sponsored by the women's auxiliary of the Henry Douglas Post of the American Legion. In response to protests filed by the Englewood Anti-Communist League, the Board of Education notified the sponsors that permission to hold the meeting would be revoked unless within forty-eight hours Mrs. Bethune refuted the charge that she had been a member of several "front" organizations. The sponsors "indefinitely postponed" the meeting, and Mrs. Bethune spoke in a local church instead. Of the current batch of free-speech incidents, this is perhaps, the most significant. Ever since 1947, the chief minority-defense organizations have insisted on differentiating between "civil rights" and "civil liberties." In an editorial on Rights and Liberties (July 22, 1950), we pointed to this distinction as unrealistic and dangerous. Mrs. Bethune's concern for "civil rights" has precipitated still another "civil liberties" issue. Will the important minority-defense organizations now join with the American Civil Liberties Union in an effort to induce Englewood's Board of Education to rescind, as utterly un-American, a policy of automatically banning speakers whose names have been listed in the index of the various state and federal committees investigating so-called un-American activities? This is the crux of the matter.

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THIS YEAR THE UNITED NATIONS WAS MADE the major target of the 61st Continental Congress of the D. A. R. With virtually no debate, the 5,000 beribboned delegates demanded that Congress keep tight pursestrings on all specialized agencies of the United Nations; called for an investigation of the affront to the Stars and Stripes implicit in the hoisting at Atlantic Fleet Headquarters of "an international flag"; reiterated their opposition to any effort to bring about even partial world government through the United

Nations; charged that the safety of the United States was endangered by "the futile policy of appeasement by the United Nations in Korea"; and denounced the use of UNESCO booklets in the public schools. The delegates cheered to the echo violent denunciations of the United Nations by Senator William E. Jenner and Representative John T. Wood, to whom the U. N. Charter is a "crime perpetrated against us by a coterie composed of out-and-out minions of Soviet Russia, pro-British Fabian Socialists, Rhodes Scholars, and just plain traitors to America." D. A. R. resolutions are traditionally ritualistic; but this year's batch is alarming evidence of the growth of the campaign, launched a year or so ago in the know-nothing press, to "get the U. S. out of the U. N. and the U. N. out of the U. S." A portion of the \$20,000 appropriated to carry on its campaign against subversive activities might well be used by the D. A. R. to find out who is subverting its own policies and by what means. Mrs. Roosevelt's comment is also to the point: "I know that many fine people are members of the D. A. R. . . . but I believe that we are living in an era too dangerous for any group . . . to pass resolutions without careful study."

✱

GENERAL HOYT S. VANDENBERG, AIR FORCE Chief of Staff, has dismissed the "sitdown strike" of reserve officers at Randolph and Mather Air Bases as "a tempest in a teapot." Nevertheless, there is reason to suppose that the Pentagon is seriously disturbed by this development which involves several hundred men, many of them with distinguished combat records, who have asked to be relieved from flying duties. The trouble seems to have varied roots—nervous wives, reductions in "hazard pay," a high accident rate (eight B-29's have crashed at Randolph since August, 1950). But there also appears to be tension between the regular officers in charge of the Air Training Program and the reservists, some of whom complain that they are shipped off to Korea while "incompetent" regulars, many of whom have never gone overseas, enjoy safe jobs at home. For the air force to yield to the "strikers" would, as Vandenberg has said, be unfair to those on duty in Korea. Moreover, no military organization can tolerate flat refusal to obey orders. On the other hand, an unwilling pilot can hardly inspire confidence in the crew for whose lives he is responsible. Immediately, the air force is trying to stop the rot by severe measures. One officer was sentenced to two years' imprisonment after the prosecutor told the court martial: "If you don't sentence this man there will be a general exodus from the service." It is doubtful whether such steps will check an obvious deterioration in morale and the air force will be well advised to supplement them with a sympathetic inquiry into grievances. Unless it does so, it may find its whole expansion program threatened by lack of pilots.

THE BAN AGAINST THE BUILDING OF NEW television stations that has been in force for the past three and a half years (see *The Nation*, February 16, 1952) has finally been lifted by the Federal Communications Commission. The order provides for the opening of 2,053 new stations in 1,291 communities and sets aside 242 channels—an increase of 33 over the figure tentatively established in 1951—for the exclusive use of non-commercial, educational interests. Commissioner Frieda B. Hennock, who played a key role in the fight to reserve channels for educational television, filed a partial dissent on the ground that the number of outlets reserved for educational use is inadequate. No educational channels, she points out, have been reserved for about one-fourth of the metropolitan communities, including Youngstown, Ohio, with a population of 325,000. On the other hand, the Joint Committee on Educational Television, representing seven national educational groups, is apparently satisfied with the order. Actually, because 162 of the channels cannot be picked up on Very High Frequency sets, which make up all but a small fraction of the 17 million instruments now in use, the number of channels allocated for educational purposes will be reduced to a third until Ultra High Frequency owners can afford a converter or a VHF set. All things considered, however, the number of outlets reserved for educational use is probably as large as could be expected at this time. It is now up to the educators to take advantage of the opportunity to acquire TV outlets. If the 242 channels reserved for educational use are not allocated within the year, the pressure to reclassify them for commercial use will be very great indeed.

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LAST YEAR UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI students decided to hold a mock political convention—without consulting Senator Taft. An emissary from the Taft forces immediately notified the student committee, and the administration, that the convention would be “political dynamite” unless some assurance could be given in advance that the Senator would receive a sizable majority in the popularity poll. The students explained, with patience and tact, that although Republican conventions might be fixed in this way, mock student conventions could not be so easily manipulated. The unidentified politician thereupon declared that he would speak to Ben Tate, treasurer of the Taft campaign, who is a member of the board of directors of the university. Later the administration announced that the value of the convention would not justify the amount of time and work it would require. For nearly a year the student committee loyally acquiesced to the president’s request that they should not explain why the convention had been abandoned. But William Smart, retiring president of the campus Y. M. C. A. group, recently decided to

tell the student body what had happened. “All year,” he said, “this question has bothered me. . . . After much consideration I felt an open statement should be made. . . . This sort of thing should not have happened. Maybe it can be prevented in the future. . . . It is up to the students to prepare for this fight for democracy right now.” Senator Taft, we feel sure, was not aware of what happened a year ago; but he should find some way, even at this late date, of making his position clear—as by requesting that the students be given a chance to express their preferences in a campus poll.

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IT IS NO LONGER NEWS THAT BOOKS BY Protestants criticizing the Catholic Church for its more worldly activities are handled gingerly by editors, who subscribe to a distressing degree to the Hollywood cult of NOA, or Not Offending Anybody—its negative sound is all too appropriate. One might expect that they would be braver about a book by a Catholic criticizing the church on the same grounds, namely Thomas Sugrue’s “A Catholic Speaks His Mind on America’s Religious Conflict,” especially since it criticizes Protestants as well. But No—or rather NOA. Both the *Herald Tribune Books* and the *New York Times Book Review* not only gave the book to Catholics for review—in itself unexceptionable—but selected reviewers who seemed more concerned with Mr. Sugrue’s subjective state of mind than with the objective issues his book was obviously designed to raise. Mr. Sugrue himself was referring to these two reviews, among others, when in a rather bitter speech the other day he said, “They had to eject me from the group in the eyes of that group.” Certainly the reviews we have cited were designed to ground his criticisms, not to confront them or further their discussion.

A Time to Bargain

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

ONE can safely assume that the swift rise of military power in the West was responsible for Moscow’s latest proposals for the unification of Germany. It may have been responsible, too, for the sudden crisis in the truce talks at Panmunjom. Moscow undoubtedly fears above everything else the creation of an integrated, armed, Atlantic coalition embracing Western Germany. To prevent this by every available means would appear to be the chief object of Soviet diplomacy, justifying in their eyes even such extreme expedients as support for a German national army; justifying also, perhaps, the risk of a revived and expanded war in Korea to divert American material, men, and attention from Europe to Asia. Secretary Acheson’s description of the Soviet offers on

Germany as "apples of discord" thrown among the Allies therefore was apt. But when he and President Truman and other Western leaders go on to argue that because the Kremlin is doing its best to delay and obstruct Allied military plans its offers are "phony," their logic goes haywire and their own intentions become suspect. Under what circumstances, we wonder, is an offer more likely to be genuine than when made under pressure of well-founded fear? And what is all this Western integration and rearmament about if not to stimulate proposals for the negotiated settlement of outstanding issues?

The real Western objection to the Moscow offers is not that they are phony but that they are almost certainly sincere—that Russia, in order to demolish the grand strategy of the Atlantic alliance, is actually ready to permit the reunion of Germany under a freely elected central authority. And this is something that the West will not tolerate for it would mean shifting the whole emphasis of Atlantic policy from military containment to diplomatic negotiation. For such a change, the American leaders of the Western coalition are not ready.

But since they are none the less committed to the principle of German unity, they cannot be frank in their comments on, or answers to, the Russian notes. They must pretend to favor what they actually oppose and limit themselves to detailed objections which, under the circumstances, are without interest or validity. And this is most unfortunate, for if the Allied leaders were not trapped in their own contradictions they could say some pertinent things about the proper means of securing free elections and also about Moscow's dangerous plan to revive German military power. As it is, their words carry a false echo and their position has been seriously undermined, as Moscow obviously intended. The results are apparent both to Bonn and the Atlantic alliance itself.

In Germany the anti-Adenauer elements, increasing in number and influence, have been given new proof that integration in the NATO structure will end the prospect of German unity for the foreseeable future. In Western Europe as a whole, fear of armed Russian attack has largely disappeared; even top Allied military leaders discount an early invasion. So the view that every Moscow overture must be automatically rebuffed—never popular among our allies—and the further view that Germany's inclusion in the defense system is an overriding necessity have suffered severe deflation. Europeans are more and more inclined to believe that Moscow is ready to pay a real price in return for real concessions. Even assuming the Kremlin's purposes to be unalterably hostile, if it has resigned itself to achieving them through political and social struggle rather than atom war most Europeans would gladly gamble on the chance of defeating them the same way. And

meanwhile an easing of tension would permit economic improvements and a consequently firmer political fabric.

While Mr. Acheson signals full speed ahead in the talks with Bonn, so that the Contractual Agreement can be signed by May 15, complications multiply. The new strength of the opposition, even in his own party, drove Chancellor Adenauer to point out last week that the agreement would be subject to change if unification were to be achieved—a statement that revived every French doubt about the security of a German alliance. The collapse of Paris-Bonn negotiations on the Saar further threatened the whole relationship, in spite of frantic intervention by Britain and the United States. And in the Pentagon, as this week began, anxious talks were going on in an effort to prevent a showdown at Panmunjom which might mean the renewal of active fighting—with consequences beyond calculation.

THERE is only one sane answer to this series of events, and it must come from Washington. America should accept the logic of its power and its professed philosophy. If the President and Secretary honestly regard the defense program as an instrument to force Moscow into making concessions rather than threats, they should treat the German-unity proposals as a victory, a step along the road we say we want to go. They should agree to negotiate—which is to say, bargain—on Germany, knowing they have high cards and need not be outmaneuvered. They should keep their fingers crossed but shed their inferiority complex. They should never find the moment inopportune for talk; what they might lose in the momentum of war preparation they would gain in the equally vital asset of human confidence. To go on rejecting every new chance of contact or conciliation is to create an impression unjustly favorable to Moscow, spreading the Kremlin's gospel that the United States wants to overthrow Soviet power, rather than merely to check it, and by military and economic might to dominate the world.

An election year is a poor time to ask for common sense. Any hint that the Administration intended to examine Russian offers soberly or to initiate peace moves itself would certainly be seized by the jingo lunatics and turned to their own destructive ends. But we continue to believe that such people are few, though well heeled and able to make much trouble in proportion to their numbers. We believe the mood of the ordinary citizens of this country—each with one vote—is better expressed by the Methodist declaration quoted on page 413. If any real break in the world deadlock could be brought about between now and November, the power of the McCarthyite fringe would vanish overnight and the men responsible would be hailed as peacemakers, not appeasers.

The Moscow Trade Conference

BY JOHN BOYD-ORR

[Lord Boyd-Orr, former head of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization and a Nobel Peace Prize winner in 1949, played a leading role at the International Economic Conference in Moscow as a member of the British delegation. His story, written exclusively for The Nation, was dispatched from Moscow on the day after the conference closed.]

Moscow, April 13

THERE are two different views on the origin of the International Economic Conference which closed here yesterday. According to one, it was promoted by a Communist-dominated Peace Council as an instrument of propaganda. In support of this view are the facts that the council did propose such a conference and that Moscow was chosen as its site. According to the other view, the conference was promoted primarily by economists with no political ax to grind. Supporting this is the fact that the initiating committee, which met at Copenhagen, refused to permit Peace Council representatives to participate in organizing the conference and that the Rules of Procedure, as finally adopted, forbade any reference to the relative merits of different economic and political systems (a prohibition which was rigidly enforced). As for the choice of Moscow as the site, the initiating committee explains that Russia was the only country which guaranteed visas to delegates from all countries.

The conference was attended by 470 delegates. The British delegation of thirty-two consisted of about half a dozen members of Parliament, another half-dozen academic economists from Oxford, Cambridge, Birmingham, and Glasgow universities, two or three representatives of trade unions, about a dozen business men, and three or four people accompanying delegates. So far as I could make out, the delegations from other Western countries comprised a similar mixture of economists and business men. Politically they were also mixed, though the British delegation had no Communists. The French, for instance, included De Gaullists, Radicals, and Communists. The delegates from the Communist countries were either representatives of official trade organizations or university professors of economics. The leader of the Russian delegation is chairman of the Moscow Chamber of Commerce.

The speeches at the plenary and in the various panels were non-political, dealing mainly with economic conditions in the country of the speaker—the extent of unemployment and the reasons for it, shortages of raw materials or the lack of orders for export, inflation and

the rising cost of living, the goods which the country could export and the goods which it wished to import.

A good deal of business was done. The meetings had to be adjourned for two days to leave the business men free to make their deals. The British delegation made agreements for the export of goods, mainly textiles and footwear, to the extent of £16,000,000 (\$44,800,000) against the import of goods of approximately equal value consisting mainly of food, livestock feed, glassware, and other consumer goods. Other transactions of about an equal amount were discussed, but on the last day of the conference agreement had not been reached on prices or was delayed because samples were not available. The biggest British transactions were with Russia and China.

If the direct contact of business men and representatives of trade organizations had the same result with other delegations as it had with the British, the conference must have substantially increased international trade. All transactions were negotiated within the existing framework of political and economic restrictions so that nothing should prevent their successful completion.

The export of goods, especially textiles, from Britain will help to reduce the rising unemployment which has been causing alarm to manufacturing firms and trade unions, and the imports will help to prevent the deterior-

A British Reaction

Many interpretations of the [Moscow trade] conference are possible. It can be seen as an attempt to drive a wedge between the United States and her allies, or as a means of organizing fairly large business deals that might otherwise have encountered technical difficulties. It is possible also to see in it a gesture of conciliation. Within the U. S. S. R., as in other countries, there are many different strands of policy; and at the same time as the most violent propaganda is launched against the United States and her allies a more constructive effort may be made to improve relations by expanding trade. The conference could easily have been used to pass resolutions against strategic trade restrictions, and such resolutions might have found vociferous supporters in the west. . . . The fact that no such resolution was put was some indication that the object of the conference was not to score a point or to sow dissension but to keep open the road to a better understanding.—*The Times of London.*

ration in the food position which has been causing discontent among housewives. If similar benefits are obtained for the other participants, the conference will have helped both business and the standard of living.

The political significance of the conference is difficult to assess. Though politics did not enter into the discussions, the fact that delegates from more than forty countries met in Moscow is a political factor of some importance. Further, the conversations not only between delegates outside the conference but also with Russian citizens in the subways, in the shops, and in the hotels, when one could find a Russian interpreter, offered some opportunity to correct the wrong impression most of the people seemed to have about conditions in Britain and America. On the other hand, delegates from Western countries got a better idea of life in Russia. Such direct contact of people from countries with different cultures and historical backgrounds should help to bring about a better understanding. I suggested to the leader of the Russian delegation that his government should adjust the present absurd rate of exchange of four rubles to the dollar to twenty, and offer visas to 100,000 British and American visitors, and send an equal number of Russians to Western countries to see for themselves.

The conference resolved to set up a permanent committee to make arrangements for another meeting next year to be held in a country willing to give visas to all delegates. India was suggested by some. The expenses of the committee are to be met by voluntary contributions, the largest being expected from firms which have done most business. It also resolved to ask the General Assembly of the United Nations to convene a conference of government-appointed business men and economists, with the addition of private citizens, for a free discus-

sion of how to bring about a rapidly expanding universal economy which could deal with the greatly increased industrial potential of the world. [According to *France Presse*, the permanent committee includes Paul Bastid, former French Minister of Commerce and for many years editor of the ultra-conservative Paris daily, *L'Aurore*; Felipe Florencio Freyre of Argentina; Jack Perry, director of a British textile firm, and Oliver Vickery, San Francisco industrialist.]

The general impression of the British delegates is that the conference succeeded far beyond their expectations. Some of the business done might eventually have passed through normal channels but other transactions would never have taken place without the direct meeting and bargaining of representatives of business firms and organizations. The contacts established are being maintained and extended so that the trade done at the conference itself may be only the first fruits of expanding international trade, which is good for business and good for the people of all countries.

President Truman is reported to have said some time ago that if we of the West could discuss with the Russians our mutual interest in agriculture it would be easier to discuss some of the other questions which divide us. But it is difficult for discussions on business to take place at government level without politics entering in. The success of this conference suggests that if in all countries the politicians who deal with foreign affairs were given a well-earned long holiday, and business men were given more freedom to develop international trade on business lines, the resulting increase in economic prosperity and rise in the standard of living throughout the world would help to lessen the present dangerous political tension.

Knight of the Crescent

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IF TRAGEDY had not cast its shadow over everything connected with the Spain of today, one could enjoy the spectacle of Generalissimo Dictator Franco stepping onto the world stage costumed as the Knight of the Crescent. For this newly emerged friend of the Arabs spent most of his military career slaughtering Moors, in training for his later occupation of slaughtering Spaniards.

It was in 1921, when the military disaster of Melilla had led the commanding general Fernandez Silvestre to blow his brains out, that the "Tercio Extranjero" was created—a kind of Spanish Foreign Legion which attracted to its ranks the toughest sort of adventurers from every country. Major Franco was chosen to head the

Tercio. Throughout the following years of struggle against Abd-el Krim, the fierce chieftain of the bellicose tribe of the Beniurriagel who had proclaimed himself Sultan, Franco became notorious for his barbaric cruelty. Abd-el Krim himself was hardly a model military leader and the freedom of such Spanish war prisoners as escaped death had to be "bought" in a famous transaction carried out by the Basque banker Echevarrieta on behalf of the Spanish government. But the Spanish atrocities in Morocco, in large part the work of Franco's legion, were denounced by the Arabs in horrifying postcards showing the heads of Moors being carried on the bayonets of the soldiers of "El Tercio." They were denounced with equal bitterness by courageous Spaniards,

both in Parliament and in memorable writings such as the open letter to the King by the great Miguel de Unamuno. In fact the chief motive behind the coup d'état which established General Primo de Rivera as dictator in 1923 was to prevent the discussion by Parliament of General Picasso's sensational report exposing—with severe damage to Alfonso's reputation—the shame of the Moroccan campaign. The fact that this report was written by an active general shows that the army as a whole did not identify itself with the behavior of officers like Franco.

As the result of the coup, the King won eight years' respite only to fall, together with his dynasty, in 1931. Franco, on the contrary, was spared by a soft Republican regime, even though in October, 1934, he had brought Moorish troops to Asturias to smash the miners' revolt. Now he emerges as the "friend of Islam" and is accepted as such by Arab politicians—although there must be some Moslems who still recall the day Franco insulted all Islam by riding his horse into the mosque of Xauen.

SEVERAL events during the last United Nations Assembly confirmed the trend inaugurated by the 1949 visit to Spain of the late King Abdullah of Jordan. There was the interview with the Secretary General of the Arab League, Azzam Pasha, in the falangist paper *El Pueblo*, which stressed the fact that "the Arab countries and Spain together hold the greater part of the Mediterranean coast" and that consequently Spain was an important factor in any project looking toward a Mediterranean Pact. And it was in the course of a lavish reception at the Franco Embassy in Paris for the Arab delegates that French diplomats discovered, not without concern, the seriousness with which Franco took his role as mediator between the Moslem world and the West.

When it became evident at the NATO conference in Lisbon that, in spite of secret promises of American support for a tighter integration of Spain into the Atlantic community the doors of NATO remained firmly closed to the Spanish regime—mainly because of the opposition of France and the Scandinavian countries—Franco's plans to cement and exploit Arab-Spanish friendship were pushed ahead with all possible speed. The diplomacy of Madrid, which had previously concentrated on gaining acceptance of Spain as a permanent Western ally and not simply an auxiliary aid in the anti-Russian strategy, was now directed by a single thought—to increase its bargaining power with Washington.

This became essential for several reasons. One of these was Madrid's preoccupation with the morale of the army. No matter what tales are told to Americans by their various services in Spain, the truth is that disaffection in the army is mounting. One of the most effective weapons of the opposition is the argument that

Franco is ready to sell the country to the United States for the hundreds of millions of dollars needed to repair the damage done to Spain's economy by his regime's incompetence and corruption. The army has lately proved very sensitive to that suggestion. Generals who after thirteen years are tired of having Franco as absolute master, generals who have failed to enrich themselves like the big *estraperlistas* in uniform, honorable officers who put Spain first, not to mention the great number of Republicans serving as simple conscripts—all these constitute a menace to the regime if the army comes to regard the arrangements with America as a mercenary deal compromising the sovereignty of Spain rather than as an alliance between equals.

It is true that Franco's prestige—and consequently his price—had been inflated by the attentions showered upon him by over-generous Americans. Those innumerable pilgrimages of Senators, Representatives, generals, admirals, and newspaper editors to the Palacio del Pardo had persuaded the Spanish dictator that the United States considered him its most valuable potential ally. This belief was reinforced by all the talk in the American press about Spanish divisions and bases, widely reproduced in the falangist press. Today Franco doubtless considers himself the most important European chieftain in the crusade against communism. But in order to maintain that role, his claims had to be substantiated by something more than pure bluff. For this purpose he depended upon two cards—Portugal and the Arab world.

At their joint meeting on the Spanish-Portuguese border on April 14, the two dictators, Francisco Franco and Oliveira Salazar, stated "their perfect agreement" as to the proper concept of Western policy. Taking as their point of departure "the strategic unity of the Iberian Peninsula," the lines were laid down for "a common defensive action within the general framework of the Western defense." In plain words this meant: If you want Portugal and the Azores, you must also take Franco. Madrid also requested and obtained Lisbon's support for a revision of the status of Tangier, aimed at giving back to Spain the control of that strategic international city which Franco seized by force during World War II to embarrass the Allies and please Hitler. Franco's agents, according to French intelligence, had been actively involved in the anti-French riots of March 30, which gave Madrid its pretext for raising the Tangier issue in direct defiance of the agreement on the policing and administration of the city made after the war by the United States, Britain, France, and the Soviet Union.

But a still higher card in Franco's hand is his plan to become mediator in the Western effort to integrate the Arab states into the Atlantic strategy through a Mediterranean pact. Before his meeting with Salazar,

Franco had already dispatched his Foreign Minister, Martin Artajo, on a mission to the six countries, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Saudi-Arabia, and Egypt. Under the Iberian Pact Franco was in any case obligated to consult Portugal before making any new international arrangements, but he gladly used the occasion of his meeting with Salazar to underline before the world his mission to bring Moslems and Christians into a holy brotherhood against the Russians.

For that a consistent effort to attract the feudal Arab leaders and politicians had to be launched. Franco missed no opportunity of assuring the Arabs of his support when the day should come for wiping out the state of Israel; at the same time he identified himself with their anti-French moves in North Africa. He also had the problem of his own Morocco. Thanks to the collaboration of opportunist leaders like Abd-el Khalek Torres and Benalua, a surprising calm reigns in Spanish Morocco at the very moment when French diplomacy is losing its head in Tunisia and the rest of North Africa. A wide variety of "political parties" have suddenly been authorized in Spanish Morocco, while in

Spain itself not a single party except the Falange is tolerated: freedom for the colonies and slavery for the master race! Of course the whole thing is a farce. The walls that since the fifteenth century have surrounded Melilla, separating the city with its military Spanish aristocracy from the miserable lands on which the Arabs vegetate, are as impenetrable as ever. They will fall only on the day an enlightened Spanish Republic recognizes the march of time in Africa. But Franco's pretense of democracy in Morocco serves the dictator's present purposes.

When Martin Artajo returns from his Arabian trip, which has been hailed as a triumph in the Cairo press, Franco will turn to the Americans and say, "Now that we have tightened our bonds with Portugal and made Spain and the Arab world one, what have you to offer? Only through me can your dreams of a Mediterranean pact be realized; only through me can Islam be kept out of the clutches of communism. Agreement can be had on my terms—take them or leave them." This may turn out to be the most audacious blackmail operation since the war.

Perón Through in '52?

BY FERMIN GONZALEZ

Buenos Aires
THERE are no Gallup polls in Argentina but even the most cursory survey of public opinion in Buenos Aires today would reveal that many Argentines are convinced that a military coup will overthrow Juan Perón before the end of this year.

The credibility of this prediction must be judged in the light of Argentina's history and of the crisis, deepening from day to day, which now has the country in its grip.

Argentina enacted its democratic constitution in 1853 and for seventy-seven years was ruled by a succession of constitutional civilian regimes. But in 1930 the Conservative Party, which had been out of power since 1916, sought military help to overthrow the government of Hipólito Yrigoyen, leader of the centrist Unión Cívica Radical, whose program for nationalizing oil had the support of the people. The *putsch* was engineered by General Uriburu with the support of the Right and of several American oil companies. A group of students and writers said at the time: "The coup is tantamount to making the army the judge of elections and governments." Certainly the event marked the end

of normal constitutional government. The army has since been the decisive element in the role played by the conservative political factions in Argentina.

A second military coup occurred in 1943. It was supported by avowed Fascist groups and by Hitler's agents in Latin America who were determined to prevent Argentina from lining up with the Allies against the Axis powers. One of the most active plotters was Colonel Juan Domingo Perón, who had spent several years in Italy and had personally witnessed many of the Axis *blitzkrieg* triumphs. Thus Perón's rise to power was the result of a combination of international Nazi-Fascist intrigue and the plotting of some of the same imperialist and reactionary factions which had maneuvered the Uriburu coup thirteen years earlier. The roots of Argentina's troubles go much deeper than the present dictatorship.

When Germany's defeat deprived Perón of the continued international backing he had expected, he put forward a domestic program, modeled on Fascist lines, designed to win him the support of the industrial bourgeoisie and the urban and rural proletariat. His Five Year Plan, announced in 1946, had the following over-all objectives: the mechanization of agriculture to increase production; the establishment of the government as the sole exporter of agricultural products, the

FERMIN GONZALEZ is the pseudonym of a distinguished Argentine journalist and former political leader.

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profits from this foreign trade to be used to promote domestic industry through the increase of fuel production, the building of hydroelectric plants, the improvement of transport, and the purchase from abroad of raw materials and machinery.

Here was a program which, if honestly and efficiently executed, could have meant a genuine progressive revolution. Everything favored Perón: in 1946 Argentina was still a rich and solvent country. It was one of the world's greatest exporters of meat and grain, ranking first in corn, linseed and chilled beef, second in mutton, and third in wool. At war's end, Argentina's gold and foreign-exchange reserves amounted to \$1,700,000,000; Perón himself boasted that there were not enough safes in Buenos Aires to hold all the government's gold. The country's light industry had developed enormously since 1935; it was producing foodstuffs, textiles, leather goods, glassware, and hundreds of other consumer items. Between 1935 and 1941 the number of industrial concerns had risen from 40,000 to 58,000.

What has happened since the Five Year Plan was proclaimed?

TODAY not a cent remains of Argentina's \$1,700,000,000 gold and foreign-exchange reserves. The huge sum has been dissipated in buying arms, in the expropriation of the British-owned railways under conditions which netted the foreign shareholders \$600,000,000 for material not worth half that amount, and—above all—in graft which has gone to line the pockets of the ruling clique. Most of this graft was skimmed off the prices paid the United States, Britain, and Canada for surplus war material.

None of the plan's principal features have been executed. Not a single hydroelectric plant has been built; industrial machinery has not been renewed; the railroads have not been modernized; fuel production has not been increased. As for agriculture, the country which less than six years ago was one of the world's great exporters of grain and beef is now going meatless two days a week while white bread has disappeared altogether. In 1908 Argentina's cultivated area amounted to 19,000,000 hectares (approximately 47,000,000 acres); today it totals barely 16,000,000 hectares (about 40,000,000 acres). Perón has "encouraged" Argentine agriculture to the extent that this year and next the export surplus of grain will be practically nothing and that of meat very small. This can mean the economic ruin of the country in a very short time.

The effects of Argentina's industrial stagnation are

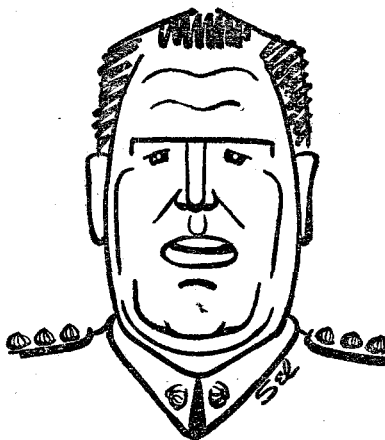
apparent in the closing of numerous factories because of lack of fuel and machinery. Electric power is rationed; unemployment has increased by 30,000 since 1950; the cost of living is five to six times higher than it was in 1946. There are long lines before stores selling bread, meat, butter, wine, potatoes, and fuel, on which speculators are making enormous sums. Small business is being strangled by the imposition of government controls.

So far Perón has managed to ward off major trouble through inflation. Paper money has been printed at a mad rate to cover government expenses and maintain labor support through nominal wage increases. Currency in circulation, amounting to two billion pesos in 1943, rose to fourteen billion pesos in 1951—an increase of 66 per cent in eight years.

The outlook for the immediate future is indeed grim. The increase in real wages has not been sufficient for the workers to maintain their living standards and unemployment continues to rise; these facts spell widespread labor unrest. Argentina's foreign-exchange position is deteriorating steadily. Not only have its foreign reserves disappeared, but the normally favorable trade balance has turned into a deficit which last year amounted to more than \$33,000,000.

There can be only one explanation for the situation in which Argentina finds itself today: the incompetence and corruption of the Perón regime. Agriculture was sacrificed for an uneconomical and chaotic industrialization plan; foreign exchange and public funds were wasted on military installations and obsolete armaments bought at prices which left wide margins for graft. The high-wage inflationist policy drew farmers and agricultural workers to the cities—a situation which the government is now trying to remedy through measures that fail to strike at the heart of the agricultural problem. Despite repeated promises, Perón has not touched the *latifundia*, the immense properties of the wealthy landowners who are the government's staunchest supporters. Instead he is telling the people: "Eat less and produce more."

Many Argentines wonder whether this slogan applies also to some of the people most intimate with the Peróns. Juan Duarte, the dictator's brother-in-law, gives sumptuous parties at which he boasts that he is "the wealthiest bachelor in the world." Actress friends of Eva Perón have been granted monopolies on certain foodstuffs and other scarce products: Tita Merello, an actress, is Argentina's only authorized importer of Chinese tea. Juana Larrauri, a radio singer, is a National Senator for Entre Rios province who organizes armed assaults on meetings of opposition political parties. Eva



Drawing by Seligson
Juan Perón

Perón's Social Welfare Fund has become internationally notorious. Employers and workers are forced to contribute to it an estimated million pesos daily (more than \$72,000); Mrs. Perón accounts to no one for what she spends.

The atmosphere of corruption and ignorance emanating from the government pervades almost all aspects of public life. At the universities, Peronista professors automatically pass all pro-Perón students; in primary schools, teachers are obliged to praise Perón in the classrooms. The courts have been "purged" to the point where many judges seek daily instructions on the handling of cases from the provincial government or the chief of police.

The opposition no longer enjoys civil rights. Thousands of military men, politicians, students, and workers are today in jail because they disagree with the regime. The horrible tortures inflicted upon political and military prisoners are common knowledge [see Perón Turns to Torture in *The Nation* of April 19]. Among these victims are two former editors of *La Prensa* who refused to continue writing for the paper after it was expropriated by the government. Two army officers, Colonel Suarez and Lieutenant Demichelli, have recently undergone torture, and people still talk about the case of Aguirre, a workman, who died in excruciating pain in the hands of the sadistic police. Women have been thrown into jail for protesting against high prices and the long queues in front of food stores.

Police terror will undoubtedly grow as popular unrest continues to mount. And as Perón feels his position increasingly threatened, he is pinning his hopes on two possibilities: American help in exchange for the alignment of Argentina with the anti-Communist front, and the outbreak of a new war which would enable him to

repress even more ruthlessly his domestic opposition and at the same time ease his financial situation by boosting export prices. Perón himself has been mentioning these possibilities in articles for the newspaper *Democracia* which he writes under the pseudonym "Descartes."

To many Argentine nationalists, Perón's dallying with the "Yanquis" comes as a great shock. All these years he has been attacking "Yanqui imperialism" and denouncing large American concerns. The record shows that not even in this has he been sincere. In 1940 there were only fifty-four American factories; today there are more than 100. Morgan interests control almost all the country's power plants. Foreign oil companies which in 1947 earned a little more than \$1,000,00 in profits, earned sixteen times as much in 1949. Standard Oil, which lost three-quarters of a million dollars in 1945, had profits of more than \$2,500,000 in 1949.

BUT Perón cannot count on America to save him financially, nor can he count on a third world war. The dark days of his dictatorship are numbered. The vast majority of the army is determined to get rid of him in order to salvage what remains of its prestige, and soon one of the many plots being hatched against him will succeed.

In the light of this prospect, the democratic and liberal parties have a great responsibility. Many among their leaders feel that it will be enough to get rid of the Peróns; they look forward with equanimity to the return of a conservative civilian government or even of a mild military regime. But others realize that Argentina's profound crisis can be resolved only through organic and progressive reforms which have popular support. There are some democratic leaders who share with Perón the notion that only war and/or American help can save the country. These conservatives will attempt to shoulder aside all progressive groups such as the so-called Radical Intransigente, which now controls the old moderate party of Hipólito Yrigoyen. This group, led by Balbin and Frondizi, polled more than 2,000,000 votes in the last national election; in effect, it represented the opposition as a whole. Youthful and vigorous, it stands for nationalistic and democratic measures designed to help the masses. Functioning along similar lines are workers' groups and political organizations which include many former Peronistas who have become disillusioned with their hero.

A rightist military coup, carried out with the help of conservative forces, would merely prolong the political crisis. A young Argentine writer sums up the situation this way: "Neither today with Perón, nor yesterday with the conservatives, but tomorrow with the popular progressive forces." The next few months may determine which road Argentina will follow.

Beyond Comment

Certainly our program in Europe seems to me far more likely to produce war with Russia than anything we have done in the East. I am only asking for the same policy in the Far East as in Europe.—From "*A Foreign Policy for Americans*," by Senator Robert Taft.

Relative to a recent letter in your column it has been interesting to note that numerous times though the weather has been stormy the day General MacArthur has addressed the public there seems to be a parting of the clouds and a beam of light just before and continuing until he has finished his speech. . . . This has happened so many times in various parts of the country that it would almost seem prophetic.—From a reader's letter to the *Los Angeles Examiner*.

[The Nation will be glad to pay \$2 for acceptable contributions to Beyond Comment.]

Trouble in Textiles

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

BETWEEN February and March 300,000 hitherto idle workers found jobs, reducing the total number of unemployed to 1,804,000—2.9 per cent of the civilian labor force. A year earlier the total was 343,000, or half a percentage point greater; yet then there was an acknowledged boom while today we hear much uneasy talk about recession. Clearly this talk is exaggerated but nevertheless there are some exceedingly soft spots in the economy, particularly in those sections that cater directly to consumers, and the softest of these are the textile and apparel industries.

The women's-wear section, while not without troubles, is still relatively prosperous, but in men's wear and most branches of the textile industry there is serious unemployment. Moreover, as "spreading the work" is traditional in these trades, thousands of operatives are on short-time, necessitating drastic cuts in their family budgets. In January, according to the March issue of the *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, employment in textile-mill products and apparel and other finished textiles totaled 2,138,000 compared to an average of 2,608,000 in 1950. Average weekly hours worked in textile-mill products were 38.7 against 40.6 a year earlier, and 36.1 in apparel and other finished textiles against 39.9.

However, these figures tell only part of the story, for conditions in the industry are by no means uniform. Certain sections—those producing the newer synthetics and manufacturing rayon cord for tires—are still busy. Geographically, too, the weight of the slump has fallen unevenly. The South, although it is feeling the depression, is considerably better off than New England and the Middle Atlantic states, as is shown by the following table, taken from an exhibit presented to the Surplus Manpower Committee by the Textile Workers Union of America (C. I. O.).

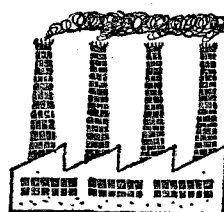
TEXTILE MILL EMPLOYMENT
Percentage of Change
January, 1951, to January, 1952

	Employment	Av. weekly manhours
United States	— 8.9	—13.2
New England	—13.9	—19.2
Middle Atlantic	—16.4	—18.9
South	— 3.5	— 7.7

A little more than a year ago the always mercurial textile and allied industries were on top of the world. Order books were full; mills and shops were working overtime; prices and profits were rising steeply. Today the industry is plunged in gloom and everyone in it is asking, "What

hit us?" There is general agreement that textiles are suffering from an acute case of indigestion, the aftermath of a bout of speculative indulgence which followed the outbreak of the Korean war. But in their present sad and sober state, manufacturers, merchants, and union officials are wondering whether their pains spring partly from a more organic disease.

Before attempting to answer these questions we must review the events of the past twenty-two months. Immediately following the outbreak of the Korean war, the textile market was stimulated by the rush of consumers to stock up on goods of all kinds from sugar to sheets. In



this buying splurge government agencies were well to the fore and in the case of wool at least they bear a major responsibility for the subsequent wild gyrations in prices. Instead of attempting to cover their requirements quietly, they announced grandiose stockpiling plans just before the Australian wool auctions opened in September, 1950, and again during the Christmas holidays. Naturally these plans to corral and sterilize a major fraction of the world's wool supplies spurred buyers everywhere to anticipate their own requirements and gave commodity speculators a field day. Prices mounted steadily until just before Easter, 1951, when Washington pulled the plug by announcing suspension of both stockpile purchases and current procurement. As a result auction prices retreated even more rapidly than they had advanced and by the end of last September had fallen below their pre-Korean level.

During the second half of 1950 quotations for finished textiles followed the inflationary trend of raw materials. The rise in prices was, in fact, steeper than during the period following the price-control bonfire of 1946. Between June and December the advance in cotton goods averaged 32 per cent and that in woollens and worsteds 33 per cent. However, when the Chinese intervened in Korea, starting a new war scare, consumers again overran the stores.

With both military and civilian demands soaring, the textile industry went into high gear. Output of broadwoven fabrics jumped from an annual rate of 12.4 billion linear yards in the second quarter of 1950 to 13.7 billion in the fourth quarter and 14.6 billion in the first quarter of 1951—an all-time record. Huge profits were reaped and leading textile concerns played a prominent role in the bull market.

It was too good to last. Defense procurement authorities, finding their appropriations depleted by high prices, cut back orders. Fear of general war subsided and with the establishment of price ceilings shoppers lost some of their terror of inflation and began to notice that store shelves and racks were amply supplied. At the same time the mounting cost of food and shelter, together with higher tax bills, induced them to reexamine their budgets and postpone the satisfaction of less urgent desires. In the spring of 1951 retail sales of clothing and furnishing fabrics began to sag and before long inventory trouble was a universal complaint in the textile world.

Manufacturers, however, were loath to reduce profit margins so, instead of cutting prices in an effort to stimulate demand, they curtailed operations. By September the Federal Reserve index of textile production (1935-39=100) had fallen to 165, a drop of thirty-two points from October, 1950, and nine points below the pre-Korean level. Thus the first brunt of the depression fell on the workers, 180,000 of whom, or 14 per cent, were released between February and November, 1951. Hundreds of thousands of others went on short-time. Stockholders did better. According to the April *Letter* of the National City Bank of New York, eight woolen concerns actually increased their earnings in 1951 by 11 per cent while thirty-seven cotton companies aggregated \$92,812,000, only about \$150,000 less than in 1950. Rayon and clothing groups did not fare so well but were still able to show a handsome return on their net assets.

In spite of cutbacks in production, reducing inventories proved a slow business and prices began to give ground. By the beginning of this year, cotton and woolen fabrics had lost more than half their post-Korean gains while the price index for synthetics was actually lower than in April, 1950. Further reductions have occurred in the past three months and there have been reports that both yarn and cloth were being "dumped" on the market below cost. On April 7, the *Wall Street Journal* noted that in New York cotton fabrics were selling at from 15 to 35 per cent below OPS ceilings and woolens and worsteds at one-third or more lower. Some men's suits price-fixed last year at \$75 are now ticketed at \$60. It remains to be seen whether this new policy of lower prices, which is being backed by strong retail promotion, will attract enough customers to put the industry back on its feet.

When adversity strikes the Northern textile manufacturer he is apt to kid himself into believing that what his business needs is sunshine and cheap labor, and his thoughts turn southward. Every crisis has increased the South's share in the industry, and the present one is likely to prove no exception. In a speech on January 17, Francis W. White, president of the giant American Woolen Company, declared that Southern cloth could be sold from 30 to 50 cents a yard below New England

prices and hinted that, unless Northern mill workers worked harder and the union stopped "restricting" the use of machinery, the company would join the Southern trek in a big way.

The idealization of the South by Northern mill owners rests partly on fact and partly on myth. Wages are somewhat lower and labor, as one textile man put it to me, is "more complaisant." But growing industrialization is mopping up the South's surplus labor and encouraging unionization, so that differences in wage costs and labor attitudes are unlikely to prove permanent. Even under present conditions most comparisons between Northern and Southern labor efficiency lack validity. The average Northern operative, for instance, works in an obsolete, multi-storied, industrial fortress where a smooth flow of production is impossible and handling costs are absurdly high. In the South the typical plant is newer and better designed and houses far more modern equipment. However, quality grades of cloth, both wool and cotton, are still produced mainly in the North and the per-capita "value added by labor" there is higher than below the Mason-Dixon Line.

One Southern advantage that the Northeast cannot match at present is the lower average cost of power, which is said to provide a differential in favor of Southern woolen and worsted mills of as much as two cents a yard. For this the South can thank, in part, the TVA, a



Courtesy Minneapolis Star

Carpetbagger from the South, Sub!

fact that ought to stir the Northern states to agitate more vigorously for development of the power potentialities of the St. Lawrence and the Connecticut.

In the present tug-of-war between North and South, the latter is being given an important assist by government, national and local. A large percentage of service contracts for both cloth and clothing has been awarded to Southern plants—an important factor contributing to Northern depression. Both the Textile Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have protested this situation and proposed that the present system of open bidding be replaced by preferential negotiation of contracts with plants in distressed areas. In addition, the Clothing Workers are demanding stricter enforcement of "quality clauses." They charge that established concerns are being by-passed in favor of fly-by-night firms which bid at such low prices that they can only make a profit by chiseling on quality or evading wage-and-hour laws.

Naturally proposals to channel more contracts to Northern mills have encountered strenuous Southern opposition. "I am not going to preside here over the liquidation of the textile industry in the South," Senator Maybank (S. C.), chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, declared recently. And he went on to accuse mobilization officials of "trying to keep alive a dying industry in one section when it cannot meet competition from another part."

This denunciation of "sectional favoritism" has its ironic aspects when we consider the success of Southern

legislators in obtaining government support for such commodities as raw cotton. And their pose as defenders of free competition shows not a little gall in view of the way Southern state and local governments have been subsidizing industrial plants, mainly in the textile and clothing fields.

Introducing legislation to check this practice, Representative George M. Rhodes (Pa.) pointed out to the House on February 25 that eight Southern states allow some kind of tax exemption. Not content with this form of bribery, Mississippi supplements it with a plan enabling city and county authorities to sell tax-exempt bonds and use the proceeds to build plants which are then leased cheaply to industrial concerns. Mr. Rhodes was able to give particulars of no less than twenty-five such bond issues, aggregating many millions of dollars, which have been approved since the beginning of 1951. Two of the largest of them will benefit Textron, a large textile combine which has recently closed down several of its New England plants.

This "Southern socialism" gives the North a legitimate grievance. It is a form of government intervention that is as insidiously divisive as would be the erection of tariff barriers by the several states. If long continued it seems bound to lead to retaliatory action by the North and the development of sectional economic warfare with grave consequences not only for textiles but for all industry.

[Next week Keith Hutchison will discuss some of the long-term problems of the textile industry at home and abroad.]

The Crusading Kefauver

BY CHARLES BARTLETT

SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER is a man who talks slowly but moves fast and his Presidential candidacy became virtually inevitable last November 6 when Rudolph Halley, the intense young attorney of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, was elected president of the New York City Council by a surprising margin of 160,000 votes.

Halley's victory, sprung from the fragile catapult of New York's Liberal Party and unforeseen by the most seasoned observers, was a striking manifestation of the popular sentiment for the work of the crime committee. It brought Kefauver face to face with a chance at the Presidency, a challenge which had goaded him for many years.

Although Kefauver's friends concede that his present

position as a prime contender for the Democratic nomination is due in large part to the crime investigation, they maintain that the kleig lights and publicity merely served to hasten a development that was inevitable. As far back as the fall of 1949 his Tennessee supporters were talking seriously of boosting him for the Presidency and in 1940, when he was just a freshman Congressman, Senator McKellar said, "I believe the time will come when he will be one of the great leaders in the state."

To Kefauver himself an ambition for the Presidency comes as one of the most natural things in the world. Leadership is in his blood and throughout his life he has been president, editor, or captain of almost every organization and group with which he has been associated. Asked recently why he aspired to the Presidency, the Tennessean replied, "I suppose it is just a natural desire on the part of every boy to want to be President."

This unflagging ambition is the most striking thing

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about Kefauver. A man of oxlike strength, he appears always to be driving himself relentlessly and to be subordinating every personal interest to the pursuit of greater recognition. His philosophy is the philosophy of those inspirational poems which urge dedication, courage, and perseverance as the keys to great success. Most American boys read this poetry but Kefauver seems to have lived by its precepts. At no time in his life has he been content to sit back and rest on his laurels.

The mystery of Estes Kefauver is the contrast between the powerful drive of his ambition and the elusiveness of his personality. Although a man of good will, he has apparently never felt the need of the easy give and take that for most of us makes up daily living.

Kefauver's strongest point is his genius for assimilation. He is a master at getting experts to advise him. His own mental processes are devoid of emotionalism, prejudice, and indirection. Those nearest to him say they have never seen him either angry or excited. He is a man who trusts his own instincts.

The effect that the Tennessee Senator has upon the people who meet him, see him on television, or hear him at rallies is more reassuring than inspiring. His long, honest face, enormous size, and country-boy manner bespeak good faith and sincerity. His words, attuned to the same bulldog optimism which pervades his life, are full of hope and a passion for reform. He has dignity, an impressive presence, and the appearance of great gentleness. The slight awkwardness of his stance strengthens this concept of a homespun and rather noble human being. His impromptu talks are badly organized and give the impression of trying too hard to indorse everything that is good. More often than not they are boring. His audiences are seldom enthusiastic, but the election records in Tennessee and in the various state primaries show that they go home liking him.

If "Kefauver at long range" is one of the greatest assets of his present campaign, "Kefauver at short range" is one of his greatest handicaps. His lack of small talk and his disposition to sink into a shell of contemplation in the midst of lively conversation have cost him the support of many important political leaders. One such calls it "mysticism"; others term it "aloofness."

Probably no one in the world can claim to be an intimate friend and confidant of Kefauver. He is a man who keeps himself to himself and although he will listen to advice from every quarter, he insists that the final decision be his own. These are unpopular characteristics to party bosses whose stock-in-trade must be an easy intimacy with the officials they help elect. And they do not make him persuasive to his personality-conscious colleagues in Congress or to Washington reporters.

Perhaps because of his coonskin hat there is a mistaken belief that Kefauver was cradled in a log cabin by Indian-shooting parents. The unusual family name

causes further misconceptions. The facts are that the Kefauvers were French Huguenots who settled in Frederick, Maryland, before the Revolution; that both of the Senator's grandfathers were graduates of the University of Virginia and eminent professional men, and that Kefauver's father and he himself were born on one of the finest estates in east Tennessee. His father, Robert Cooke Kefauver, has been for many years a leader in the political and economic life of Madisonville, Tennessee, a small but venerable town in the foothills of the Smoky Mountains, and his mother came from a distinguished Southern family.

Estes Kefauver, born forty-nine years ago, was an exceptionally strong and extremely active youngster of average intelligence. He had an inherent capacity for leadership and although he was described on his arrival at the University of Tennessee as the "countriest-looking" boy who ever came there, as a sophomore he was voted the outstanding member of his class. By his senior year he was in charge of almost every extra-curricular activity on the campus. His marks, perhaps reflecting these preoccupations, were only fair.

After graduation, his father offered to pay his expenses to the Yale Law School. But the boy preferred to be on his own and succeeded in getting a scholarship. He came home in 1927 and practiced law in a cousin's firm in Chattanooga. In 1935 he married Nancy Pigott, a Scottish redhead who had the imagination and vivid personality that he lacked. She is a portrait painter who has never been able to get her husband to sit still long enough for painting. The Kefauvers have four children.

It is ironic that the most flashy and least thorough of the many reform movements that Kefauver has headed should have brought him his greatest reward. His entire success in politics has been achieved through his advocacy of reforms.

As a young lawyer in Chattanooga in the thirties, he worked for reform of the city and county government and for county planning. On the basis of these efforts and of an anti-poll-tax platform he ran in 1938 for the state Senate. In the only loss of his political career he



Estes Kefauver

was beaten by sixty votes by a veteran politician. Undaunted, he demanded reform in the state government and was invited into the Governor's Cabinet in 1939 to reorganize the finance and taxation department.

He took leave of his law office, then netting him close to \$30,000 a year, to accept this post but had been in Nashville for only four months when the Congressman from Chattanooga died and he was offered a chance to run for his seat. He went to Congress in the fall of 1939 and by 1947 had collaborated on a scholarly and detailed master plan for a sweeping reformation of that august body. Practically none of his proposed changes has been adopted, but the volume, entitled "Twentieth Century Congress," is used as a textbook at a number of educational institutions.

When he was elected to the Senate in 1949 Kefauver embarked on a program of reform that included equal rights for women, home rule for the District of Columbia, establishment of a world calendar, revision of the military-justice code, and extension of the Atlantic Pact. He was forced to abandon his crusade for the distaff side when his colleagues amended his bill into a form that he felt would penalize women rather than help them. He pressed home rule for the District of Columbia through the Senate twice, both times over the bitter opposition of Southern Senators who saw in the proposal an end to segregation in the District. The revision of the military-justice code occupied two years of detailed work and Kefauver piloted it into law. The Atlantic Union proposal, a basic plank in his 1948 race for the Senate, involved the convocation of an exploratory convention of the Atlantic Pact countries to examine the possibilities of a closer federation. Although Kefauver and such sponsors of the plan as former Justice Owen Roberts and Clarence Streit have been able to align some twenty-eight Senators and one hundred and ten Representatives on their side, the project has never been seriously considered by the State Department.

IT WAS against this background of activity that Kefauver was approached late in 1949 by some reformers who wanted him to launch a probe into the crime syndicates. He shied away at first because it was not the type of technical, non-vindictive reform in which he was experienced. Thoroughly naive about the ways of the underworld, he took some time to decide that such a probe would really be a matter of public interest. The picture of a mild-mannered man poking reservedly and with dignity into something that he abhorred but did not quite comprehend won him the cheers of the nation, but the crime investigation was certainly not his most deserving reform effort.

Another irony of the present situation is the fact that Kefauver, who has several times risked his political position in Tennessee to stand with the leadership of the

party, should now be cast in the role of a Democratic "irregular." He was the only member of the Tennessee delegation at the convention in 1944 to urge indorsement of Franklin D. Roosevelt before the party's civil-rights platform had been written, and he was the only member of that delegation in the vice-presidential balloting to urge that Tennessee's twenty-four votes be cast for Harry S. Truman.

He has been considerably less of a battler of party bosses than his current reputation would indicate. He was elected to Congress with the amiable support of the bosses in Chattanooga and Polk County. When he started running for the Senate, he resolutely declined to make Boss Crump a campaign issue until the Memphis leader lambasted him in newspaper advertisements throughout the state. It was in answer to Crump's charge that he was a 'coon fiddling with communism that he donned his coonskin hat and declared, "I may be a pet 'coon but I ain't Mr. Crump's pet 'coon."

His Congressional voting record has been highly regular and on several occasions in the Senate he has stood for the views of the Administration against the opposition of the majority leader. The most daring of these votes was the one he cast in opposition to the McCarran internal-security bill in 1950. Saying he could not "stomach" the measure, he declined to join the liberals who had accepted the Lucas compromise as an excuse for supporting the bill. He was the only Southerner among the seven Senators who stood against it except Frank Graham of North Carolina, whose political career had already been terminated in a spring primary. President Truman vetoed the bill, but it was passed over the veto. Kefauver also opposed the Kerr natural-gas bill in 1950 (which was also vetoed by the President). He has fought hard for anti-monopoly measures. On F. E. P. C., he said recently that he would support any civil-rights program adopted by the Democratic Party.

During his nine years in the House he voted with the Democratic leadership 403 times out of 471 roll-call votes. In the Senate he has voted with the Democratic majority approximately 91 per cent of the time.

The most serious charge leveled by those who now dub him an "irregular" is that he declined to protect the Democratic Party in the fall of 1950 when it was clear that his crime committee could exert an explosive influence on the elections. Kefauver was asked to keep the committee out of Chicago until after the election; he refused on the ground that any gesture that smacked of partisan politics would destroy the committee's work. The fact that there has never been a claim of partisanship from any respectable source is high tribute to the impartiality with which he conducted the probe.

Kefauver and President Truman have had a friendly but not close relationship for a number of years. They have remained outwardly amicable despite numerous

signs from the White House that the Tennessean fell from favor as the result of the crime investigation. Kefauver has scrupulously abstained, even in the heat of the New Hampshire primary, from attacks on the President and his hope is clearly that Mr. Truman, who has declared that the Democratic Party should have the strongest possible contender in the coming campaign, will refrain from opposing his candidacy.

There is little in the record or in Kefauver's campaign talks thus far to show that if he were elected President his program would differ much from that of the present Administration. He has been a constant liberal, an internationalist, and something of a crusader. He is committed to the concept that the federal government should endeavor to correct the ills that beset the populace while at the same time exerting as little control as possible over their personal lives. Although there is nothing in his voting record to establish him as an advocate of govern-

ment economy, his recent campaign speeches heartily indorse a balanced budget. Since he has been either a lawyer or in Congress all of his adult life, there is no true gauge of his capabilities as an administrator, but in the affairs of his own office he has shown himself to favor the delegation of power that is now an essential function of the Presidency. Labor leaders contributed heavily to his campaign in 1948 but there is no evidence that Kefauver has ever been dominated by them or any other group.

One of Kefauver's copybook maxims is that opportunity is "not a gift but the reward of preparation and tireless research." His Tennessee friends have long regarded him as one of the luckiest men alive, as a person who seems always to get the right break at the right time. Whether luck is actually fate or "preparation and tireless research," it is certainly an indispensable qualification for a President in these trying times.

Miracles in Rome

Rome
COMPARED with France, Italy seems a happier country. France cannot make up its mind whether it lost or won the war; Italy has no doubt about having lost it. Nor has Italy any illusions about being a Great Power; it has cheerfully renounced all colonial ambitions and feels no envy of the French in Tunisia and Indo-China. After a useless and ruinous war which few Italians wanted, Italy today is poorer and wiser; and if some middle-aged housewives think back on fascism merely as "the time when things were normal—and didn't cost so much," only a handful of Italians would like to try the Fascist experiment all over again.

To me, the most striking thing about Italy, compared with France, is the better humor and calmer mood, and the greater spirit of mutual tolerance. The extreme Left has accepted as inevitable that there should be, for many years to come, a large clerical Right and Center in Italy; similarly the Demo-Christians (though not the extreme Right) find it natural that there should be a very large extreme Left. So below the surface of the genuine class struggle there is a kind of *modus vivendi* between the main political forces. The feeling that "we are all Italians"—Communists included—is deep-seated, and it is considered one of the virtues of the De Gasperi regime to have encouraged this attitude. Personal relations between De Gasperi and Nenni are excellent, and the Nenni Socialists, acting as buffer between the Communists and the government parties, receive great credit

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

even from business men and industrialists for the relative social peace that exists here today. There is much less hysteria in Italy about either Russia or America than in most European countries, and that also helps.

I had a long talk with Signor Saragat, one of the leaders of the Italian Social Democrats (right-wing Socialists), who can count on barely two million votes compared with the Demo-Christians' twelve million and the four and one-half million each that the Communists and Nenni Socialists received in 1948. I asked Saragat why social democracy was so weak in Italy and whether he considered the Nenni Socialists very different from the Communists. He said:

The social and economic structure of Italy makes it historically inevitable that socialism should be extremist. There is no use talking social democracy in the British sense to millions of unemployed and millions of landless peasants and slum-dwellers who think of change not in terms of social reform but of revolution. This does not mean that Nenni is in the pocket of the Communists even though he considers it tactically correct to do nothing to weaken the extreme Left, half of which is represented by the Communists, who have great drive, a demagogic appeal for the poor, and an infernal amount of money. As for social democracy, it has little chance in explosive central Italy or in southern Italy; only in northern Italy, with its relatively high living standards, its industrialization, and its greater political culture, has it any chance at all.

To expect more than this from Italian social democracy, Saragat added with an air of discouragement, is to be politically illiterate. "You're not in England, damn it," he said. "You are in one of the poorest countries in Europe!"

ONE need not go outside Rome to see Italy's poverty. In the matter of housing, this city is somewhat better off than Naples, but much worse off than many other Italian cities. Its relative immunity from bombing brought in hundreds of thousands of refugees during the war, and the glamour of the capital has since attracted many others. From a pre-war population of 1,200,000, Rome has grown to 1,600,000. Counting museums, palaces, government offices, and everything else, there is one room here for every two persons, which means that in most homes more than two people live in one room. Many luxury flats have been built, but there is little new low-cost housing. So some people live in caves and others in the *borgate*—those suburban Hoovervilles familiar to anyone who has seen the film "Miracle in Milan." About one-tenth of Rome's population lives in these *borgate*, and to me the real miracle is how people can live in such conditions and yet keep their dignity and humor. Some of the women are even house-proud!

One Sunday night I visited three *borgate*, one of them on municipal land that abutted the untouchable vegetable gardens of some prince. The houses were mostly shacks built during the war for bombed-out people; but this was a relatively prosperous place, with electric lights in the tiny stone hovels and five water pumps. The sanitation was extremely primitive, and the place stank in summer, but in cooler weather it wasn't so bad. Some families had improved their hovels to the point where they were willing to sell them for a half-million lire (about \$1,000).

The next *borgata*, set up "by private initiative" alongside the ruins of an old aqueduct, was a different story. The people here were "squatters"—unemployed from the south and Romans who couldn't afford city rents. The shacks were of brick, tile, and tin (much of it stolen); there was a single pump for the entire community and only candles and oil lamps for lighting. Yet these pitiful huts were clean. A Roman worker with five children invited me to his home for a glass of wine; there were flowers on the table. He could be happy here, he said, except for the fact the building society which owned the land had started an eviction process against the whole community, intending to build apartments renting at 40,000 lire a month. The *borgata* people had countered with an offer to pay 3,000 lire monthly as ground rent, but the offer had not been accepted. My host told me that he and his neighbors would not yield even if the law suit went against them; the police would

have to evict them, and they would fight the police, just as in "Miracle in Milan." But they were under no illusion that they could save their homes.

But the real nightmare was the *borgata* Cordiana, built by Mussolini to "clear the paupers out of Rome." Here were mostly unemployed with large families (six or seven children were not unusual), living on a dole sufficient only to provide the very minimum subsistence—if that. I entered a hovel one evening. It was clean and there was no smell of cooking: there was nothing to cook and nothing to cook with. The family of eight lived on bread and a few vegetables; four of the children were asleep in a big bed. Then a strange figure appeared—a tall woman with an aquiline nose, tidy white hair, and an incongruously smart jacket. She had lost three of her eight children in the war; she was hard and bitter, and cursed De Gasperi. She took me to her own home, where three of her grandchildren were asleep in the communal bed. A picture of the Madonna hung on one wall; on the other, a portrait of Lenin. She roughly awoke one of the children, a boy of six, by tugging at his bare feet, screaming: "How can he go to school if he has no shoes? . . . And do you know about tuberculosis in the *borgate*? The government says only 3 per cent of us have it—I tell you, there's 40 per cent at least!"

She led me to another ill-lit hovel, with large pictures of Marx and Nenni and small pictures of Lenin and Stalin on the walls. Here some of the villagers gathered and talked of the hospital four miles away, and of the single doctor available to the 13,000 people of the community, who came for nothing if you were employed and insured but charged 600 lira if you were unemployed and therefore not insured. It was simpler for the unemployed to die! And the priest got plenty of things from America but he wouldn't give a child a pair of shoes if the parents weren't churchgoers or if he thought they were Communists or Socialists.

The villagers pointed out that their youngsters had no opportunity to train for jobs—if they couldn't earn anything, they stole; and some of the girls and women, with the consent of their menfolk, went to Rome to make money as prostitutes. One could hardly blame them. The villagers said that the Socialist "head-quarters"—that was the room in which we were now sitting—was the social center for the community, and that the Socialists and Communists were "the only friends of the poor." It was only during election time, they said, that the grand ladies came in cars to distribute food parcels and olive oil and clothes. . . .

But it would be unfair to dwell exclusively on this aspect of Italy.

[This is the first of two articles on Italy by Alexander Werth, a Nation staff contributor.]

BOOKS and the ARTS

Bevan States His Case

IN PLACE OF FEAR. By Aneurin Bevan. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

IN DECEMBER, 1950, the London *Economist* welcomed the disappearance at last of "a certain tendency . . . to take Mr. Aneurin Bevan seriously." "He is not the statesman," it said, "but the sorcerer's apprentice." In its slim issue of March 22, 1952, the *Economist* devoted no less than four separate articles to Bevan and his views. And its editor had recently returned from a lecture trip to the United States, where he mouthed the same criticisms of Britain's rearmament program that Bevan had expressed a year ago. Also on March 22, Britain's most popular picture magazine carried a long essay on "Bevan the Man." A host of other publications devoted column after column of rationed space to a politician whose party is not governing Britain and who would not himself hold office if it were. Across the Atlantic, Bevan had lately stalked through the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*, billed as "The One Man Churchill Fears" and winning far more praise than that journal usually accords to left-wingers of any nationality.

The tendency which the *Economist* found so deplorable has clearly reappeared. With the publication of his "political testament," Aneurin Bevan is bidding to be taken more seriously than ever. His less responsible critics, both British and American, will be confounded. Seldom in either country has an active politician produced a more restrained or impersonal testament. It is free not only of the "personal bitterness" so often ascribed to Bevan, but also of any reference whatever to the conflict going on in the Labor Party. Clement Attlee, for instance, is never mentioned; even his successor is only briefly chided for "a marked illiteracy about all things economic"—an elementary observation from which Mr. Churchill would be among the last to dissent.

No, Mr. Bevan is honestly trying to sell his ideas rather than his personality. Many of them will prove immensely attractive, even outside the ranks of his

Socialist followers and even outside Britain. Others will be rejected out of hand. And some—some of the cardinal points in Bevan's program—are left hanging, so vague and obscure that no final judgment will be possible.

His best-known contention, which prompted his resignation from Attlee's Cabinet last year, is that present Western rearmament expenditure is needlessly and dangerously large. It is needlessly large, he believes, because Russia has no intention of direct aggression. Bevan dwells on the comparative figures for Western and Soviet steel production, implying that the result of a new war is as obvious to the men in the Kremlin as it is to himself. And if they contemplated aggression, he asks, why did they wait until North Atlantic rearmament became a formidable reality?

Both the inspiration and the timing of the Western program are cogently questioned. The decision, he says, was made in near panic after the early losses in Korea eighteen months ago. As for the contention that 1953 will be the critical year in the East-West power balance:

In no discussion have I heard the slightest justification for that date. It appears to bear the same relationship to scientific prediction as astrology . . . to astronomy.

As for the size of the respective national-defense budgets:

Military experts have no easier task than to advise their government on the level of defense expenditure. All they have to do is to advise a larger sum than they know their government is prepared to concede and they are quite safe. . . . The real burden of anxiety falls on the civilian Ministers who have to set the general needs of the national economy against the clamor of the military experts.

In normal times this passage would commend itself to American Congressmen as well as to European Socialists. But it does confer upon Bevan a responsibility which he shirks. Just how much *should* America and Britain spend on rearmament, and how does he arrive at *his* figures? These questions are not answered, nor have they been in any of Bevan's speeches.

The book does advance one positive recommendation:

Suppose we fix a date—towards which we should at once begin to work—when a definite percentage of what we are now spending on arms shall be set aside for the peaceful development of backward parts of the world.

Such a declaration, he believes, would electrify Asian opinion as did Britain's naming of a date for its withdrawal from India and Pakistan. The West's task is to accommodate Eastern revolutions in a general pattern of world co-operation, its goal "the defeat of hunger in the most literal sense."

Most of the book, however, is devoted to Bevan's rationale as a British Socialist. If many of his arguments are old and tired, they have seldom been better stated in the past twenty years. To his generation of young miners in the coal valleys of South Wales, "society presented itself . . . as an arena of conflicting social forces and not as a plexus of individual striving." It follows rather naturally that "in so far as I can be said to have had a political training at all, it has been in Marxism." Yet, for all its acceptance of Marxist analysis, Bevan's collectivist philosophy is motivated by an almost passionate concern for the individual. It recalls the Christian Socialism of his friend Sir Stafford Cripps, and conforms to that generally empirical philosophy of the British Labor movement which so vexes its Continental friends. Capitalism, he says,

failed in the one function by which any social system must be judged. It failed to produce a tolerable home and a reputable order of values for the individual man and woman. . . . Efficiency was its final arbiter—as though loving, laughing, eating, the deep serenity of a happy home, the warmth of friends, the astringent revelation of new beauty, and the earth tug of local roots will ever yield to such a test.

His socialism is not necessarily for export to North America:

It is possible that in the United States of America the argument still holds good that private economic adventure offers the best means for the development of industrial techniques.

Even in the case of Britain, Bevan's remedies are less impressive than his diagnosis. Government savings bonds, and many social-welfare benefits, would be tied to the cost-of-living index and rise accordingly. Recognizing an upper limit to direct taxation, he would raise a large part of the national revenue from the profits of nationalized industries. The number of such industries would be greatly increased, though Bevan does not list his candidates for state ownership. Neither does he analyze with any clarity the disappointments experienced by Labor in its past enterprises. He remarks that nationalization is only a step toward socialization, but does not illumine the path ahead. "Industrial democracy" is defined about as precisely here as it has been in high-toned Conservative Party pamphlets.

There is a chapter on the neglected problem of raw materials, and an excellent one on the British National Health Service. Here Mr. Bevan is in serene and familiar territory, able to claim that the Service "has now become a part of the texture of our national life. No political party would survive that tried to destroy it." And no better answer to critics of the British plan has ever appeared.

"In Place of Fear" is entirely free from the small-minded anti-Americanism to which some Laborites are susceptible, and from the general intemperance of expression which ruins some of Bevan's speeches. To those Britons and Americans who think of him as a demagogic careerist, it will come as a revelation. In a period characterized by the intellectual poverty of its political leadership, Bevan stands immense.

But those who have glimpsed already beyond his fascinating, turbulent exterior will, in many cases, find disappointments. This is not "Socialism up-to-date"; perhaps it is not intended to be. The central challenge to British Labor in the present decade, far more important than differences of degree over rearmament, is the question, "Where are you going, and why?" Here and there, in the pages of Mr. Bevan's book, is part of an answer. But the question is not wholly answered, or even wholly posed.

PAUL NIVEN

The "Shtetl"

LIFE IS WITH PEOPLE. By Mark Zborowski and Elizabeth Herzog. International Universities Press. \$5.

IF THIS is anthropology, let's have more of it. Such, at any rate, is the unqualified enthusiasm of one reviewer upon reading this superb study of the *shtetl*, the Jewish East European "Little-Town" now destroyed as an entity. This reconstruction of a vanished way of life manages to evoke its mood as well as describe its mores. The book is a triumph of art and a substantial scientific work, though perhaps the scientist would resent the distinction. Only in fiction of a high order does the atmosphere of the *shtetl* become as poignantly vivid as in "Life Is With People." This has been achieved without sacrificing clarity of structure or accuracy of detail.

In her foreword, Margaret Mead states that the book is an attempt to bring anthropological disciplines to the task of recording "something of the form and content, the texture and beauty" of Jewish life in the small towns

of Eastern Europe before their final annihilation by Hitler. The realization that a rich contemporary culture on the verge of dissolution was being disregarded by anthropologists came to Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead in the course of World War II. Originally, they had discounted the existence of a specific Jewish culture: a Polish Jew was a Pole who was Jewish by religion. In the course of their work, they began to speculate on the possibility of making a systematic study of the "Jewish cultural element which distinguished the perception of a Hungarian or Polish Jew from a Hungarian or a Pole whose antecedents were Christian." The project was undertaken as part of the Columbia University Research in Contemporary Cultures. Using the techniques of anthropology, the scientists reached the, for them, revolutionary conclusion that they were dealing "with a living whole, that the Eastern European Jews had in fact a living culture, which was essentially all of a piece. . . . We realized this with growing excitement, for while all anthropologists have the experience of working out the essential form of the cultures which they study, we seldom have the experience of discovering the existence of a whole at which we had not guessed."

Since some Jews still vociferously denounce the concept of a "Jewish culture" as the evil invention of chauvinistic Zionists, the conclusion reached by a group of scientists with no ideological ax to grind is potential dynamite. I don't know in what measure those associated with the Columbia project anticipate the detonations which their academic delight in their discovery will probably set off in such circles as the Council for Judaism, whose recent conference was energetically devoted to issuing formidable blasts against the very theses the anthropologists innocently propound. Most Jewish readers, however, are not likely to be startled by the news that the Jews of Eastern Europe had a specific culture marked by the characteristics of a culture: "a language, a religion, a set of values, a specific constellation of social mechanisms and institutions, and the feeling of its members that they belong to one group." Nor need one limit the finding to the Jews of Eastern Europe. The history of all Jewish communities since the dis-

THE MARE

The mare lies down in the grass where the nest of the skylark is hidden.
Her eyes drink the delicate horizon moving behind the song.
Deep sink the skies, a well of voices. Her sleep is the vessel of summer
That climbing music requires the hidden music at rest.

Her body is utterly given to the light, surrendered in perfect abandon
To the heaven above her shadow, still as her first-born day.
Softly the wind runs over her. Circling the meadow, her hooves
Rest in a race of daisies, halted where butterflies stand.

Do not pass her too close. It is easy to break the circle
And lose that indolent fullness rounded under the ray
Falling on light-eared grasses your footstep must not yet wake.
It is easy to darken the sun of her unborn foal at play.

VERNON WATKINS

person illustrates the validity of the criterion used.

Much that is told of the *shtetl*, a term denoting the life of the inhabitants rather than the town, might be true of orthodox Jews anywhere. The authors know this. The virtue of their account consists in its concentration on an artistically coherent unit. This enables them to transform the book from an informative study to a creative depiction of an informing spirit. Much more, of course, than religious customs is examined. The sociology of the *shtetl*, the role of women, the values of the *shtetl*, such as its devotion to learning or its attitude to philanthropy, are studied both as expressions of Jewish tradition and as reactions to a particular environment. The result, consequently, is more than an analysis of Judaism; it becomes rather a synthesis of the constituents of "Jewishness," its outward manifestations and inner implications.

The authors have not been guilty of artificially isolating the *shtetl*. They describe an "island culture" within an "ocean culture," a minority constantly affected by the majority and often subject to it: the relationship, for instance, of the *shtetl* Jew to the village peasant, the "Goy" who mysteriously turns into a murderous "pogromchik" overnight and just as suddenly reverts to the role of friendly neighbor. The recurrent terror at the heart of the *shtetl* is as much a part of its climate as its piety or ingenuity.

"Life Is With People" is not only a memorial to something which in its completeness and purity is gone. It provides an understanding of what remains. Distillations of the culture whose essence was in the *shtetl* are to be found wherever Jewish communities continue to exist. The differences are superficial; the likenesses often profound. The raw dread of the cowering child in a pogrom and the muffled sensitiveness of an American Jew before the blow of discrimination are part of a related experience. In the Bronx, in Israel, or in Mexico City, no matter how great the local variations, fundamental resemblances in attitudes and values appear. Yet the authors note that the only area in which concerted action among Jews may be expected is that of relief. The reaction to the Hitler catastrophe certainly demonstrated this. But the very

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nature of the response indicates an awareness of a common fate not only in the past but in the present and future. The knowledge that "what happens to Israel happens to Mr. Israel" springs not only from an alert and well-functioning defense mechanism but from a responsiveness to visions and hopes held in common as well as fears. All this "Life Is With People" helps one to perceive—magnificently. If I may be permitted one sour note, why should a book composed with such felicity and grace be afflicted with a cute title and equally cute chapter headings?

MARIE SYRKIN

Hindemith on Music

A COMPOSER'S WORLD. By Paul Hindemith. Harvard University Press. \$3.75.

THIS book tells us what one of our great composers thinks about, what his mind is like. And meeting Paul Hindemith's spirited and learned mind is a real pleasure, not only for the intellectual stimulation it offers, but even more for the infectious enjoyment it takes in its own operation, in finding rational explanations, in "philosophizing." Less pleasant though is a recurrent fondness for forcing these meditations together into systems. Again and again, though you are enjoying the brisk intellectual work-out, you wish that Hindemith wouldn't take himself so hard. The sheer range of his thinking, from metaphysics to economics, asks for a lighter touch. Hindemith would be more tactful to try for a tone of easy suggestiveness when he writes as a layman.

In the fields where he has the authority of an expert, as it happens, he shows a becoming modesty. In music history his learning is relaxed and imaginative without loss of precision. His educational theories work with what is, for the most part, a sensibly practical ideal of musical culture, and we are willingly convinced. But in psychology, ethics, aesthetics, he is no more an expert than we should expect a practicing composer to be, and here the systematizing gets to be frankly disturbing. The first four chapters of this book are so many constricted thinking boxes, strong in rigor and self-assurance, weak in insight and authority. What we learn

about "perceiving music intellectually" is what we already know, in spite of the illusion of new precision in words like "coconstruction." The third chapter advances lively (though, to this reviewer, dubious) speculations about the way music touches the emotions, but Hindemith's truculent, "let's-have-no-nonsense-here" attitude toward the emotions reminds one unhappily of the village atheist on the subject of God. And this provincial realism jars with the highly unrealistic over-estimation of music that goes along with it. A serious claim is made that music can touch an infinitely larger range of emotions than the other arts, that its "tempo of consecutive emotions is unbelievably fast." (To cite Shakespeare seems adequate refutation.) There are distinctions between the arts, to be sure, but these don't seem helpful ones; they seem, in fact, defensively boastful. Nor does Hindemith's brusque contempt for less philosophical colleagues seem entirely modest when his own philosophizing yields so dim an illumination.

Again, in the first chapter where Hindemith speaks of converting the musical experience into moral power, you would like some concrete, perhaps personal suggestions about how this might happen. But out come all the tired old metaphors about the power of music. You hear about a "fermenting" quality that turns "our souls to everything noble, superhuman, and ideal"; about music the "catalytic agent" (chemistry's great gift to the tongue-tied humanities). Lacking more energetic guesswork about this mysterious process of conversion, Hindemith's loftiness sounds sanctimonious.

The great virtue of the book, and of Hindemith's whole intellectual position, lies in his conception of the ideal musical culture. The health of the body musical, for him, depends on there being a large group, not of passive listeners, but of active amateurs, with professional musicians moving among them as friendly and immediately useful guides and teachers. Hindemith simply wants more people who listen to music to play and sing it too, and with an everyday unpretentiousness—not a new idea, but uncommonly well argued here. The aim is, by linking music once more to modest and intimate social events, to reestablish it as one of the natural bents

of the mind, as one of the things a human being does as a part of his nature. Hindemith's picture of this sort of culture in the Renaissance is attractive, and his projection of it into the realizable present is inviting and seems practical. What the listener is promised is a more active pleasure in the musical experience, and a pleasure that comes easily and every day.

The plan is a good one, but what seems its very best feature is something Hindemith is too much of a systematizer to be interested in: the possibility that if music comes to be an active part of our everyday life, we will be able to distinguish more subtly between different kinds of musical experiences, to respond more variously to them, and finally to come to masterpieces with a greater excitement. Hindemith, however, in his eagerness to sell us family part-singing, seems frankly hostile to the more intense musical experiences, even to masterpieces, particularly to anything that smacks of glamour or of the special occasion. All these he has systematized into the present sad degeneration of our musical life, along with Muzak, Hollywood, Bach transcriptions for the Lewisohn Stadium, and the virtuoso's egotism—all must go. But to the realist the loss of Toscanini, Flagstad, and *Matthis der Mahler* is too great a price to pay even for more madrigals.

ROBERT E. GARIS

The Real, Right Victorian

WILKIE COLLINS. By Kenneth Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

THE farther away we get from him, the more clearly we can see that the poor Victorian, whose mere inanities and pomposities we have been so zealous to expose, was a deeply split man whom we need to understand more than we need to indict. The most desperately self-made effigy on record, he represents the final attempt to hold onto the image of man which began with the Renaissance and crystallized by 1700: the image in which the conscious, rational faculties are not only dominant, but self-sufficient and potentially exclusive. The full flower of this point of view, as far as its manifestation in English literature is concerned, was Samuel Johnson. The first reaction to it was

what now appears to have been the shrewdly functional madness of Christopher Smart (how else, except under the cover of dementia, could he have written anything but his prize poems?). But by the nineteenth century every real poet, from Coleridge to Beddoes, and Swinburne to Lear, knew the truth: that man does not live by Awareness alone, that at best he is a biped, and advances stepwise, by consciousness and unconsciousness, by living and being-lived.

At the same time that he believed in the Crystal Palace and endorsed Tennyson's singsong ideal of "household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean," the Victorian man on the street knew this too. He wouldn't acknowledge it, of course, but he was haunted by the most harrowing sense of the demoniac that Western man had known for five hundred years. What else could have impelled him to surround himself with such implacably material extremes as he did? Look at his furniture. Look at his tombstones. Look at his wife's clothes. Look at his reading matter. Plenty of pap, yes; his anxiety needed as much furbelowed assurance as possible. But beyond this, look at his compulsive fascination for the terrible, the unfathomable, the ghoulish, the mysterious. As Chesterton pointed out, the two most popular story tellers of their day, Dickens and Wilkie Collins, combined "a modern and Cockney and even commonplace opinion about things with a huge elemental sympathy with strange oracles and spirits and old night. . . . There were no two men in mid-Victorian England more typical of its rationality and dull reform; and there were no two men who could touch them at a ghost story." Of the two, Dickens, with the more ramifying, personal genius, makes the less pure case. But after reading Kenneth Robinson's new biography, we can safely call Collins the true, the model Victorian.

To begin with, he was neurotically industrious. He never missed a deadline in his life, and when he was dying and handed over his current serial to Walter Besant to be finished, his notes had worked the plot out to its minutest details. He left almost thirty long novels, and dozens of plays and shorter stories, the best of which, apart from their sheer capacity to hold the reader's interest, are

chiefly notable for the intricate, painstaking architecture they brought to the careless sprawl of the mid-century "nuv-ve" as practiced by Dickens. More than anyone else, it was Collins who instigated the well-made serial to which James later adapted his own industry, refinement, and vision. In a Collins novel, not only were the plot details meticulously synchronized, but much of the effectiveness of the story derived from the ingenious use of shifting narrators. Now this explicit, rigorous, and quite gratuitous concern with an orderly shape and progress is no less significant in Collins's case than it is in Poe's, or Baudelaire's, or Tennyson's. Auden once suggested, in connection with Tennyson, that "the more a writer is conscious of an inner disorder and dread, the more value he will place on tidiness in his work as a *defence*." I don't think it's infractious to find a novel like "Armada," which is Collins's most ambitious, a case in point. For here we have not only a bravura job of plot complication, but in the story itself a sustained image of a man's helplessness before his sense of the uncontrollably fated in human experience and of the inefficacy of mere consciousness. It was Collins, too, who practiced for the first time in England that acutely symptomatic genre, the detective story, which is not only as "closed" a form as the novel admits, but in which, a priori, everything that happens must do so for the sake of unraveling neatly and securely in the end and in which the hero is a rational all-father who sees that it does.

In his private life, Collins was no less Victorian. By way of skeletons in his closet, he used opium; made periodic forays into the unmentionable nightlife of Paris; and though he was a nominal bachelor all his life, kept, simultaneously, both a mistress and what he called a "morganatic wife," by whom his will acknowledged three children. The son of a prominent Royal Academy painter who did sea-scapes for George IV, Collins grew up in the well-heeled (and well brought-to-heel) Bohemian society which James's stories of artists rather improbably portray. He discovered his vocation before he was twenty-one, beginning with an official biography of his father and moving on to a Bulwer-Lytton romance. In a few years, he had

become a regular contributor to Dickens' *Household Words*, and after the publication in 1860 of "The Woman in White," he was almost as famous as his editor. He made a fortune; grew a beard; indulged himself with sailboats and French cooking; suffered agonies from the gout; and died in 1889, promulgating a furore over whether or not he should be buried in Westminster Abbey (he wasn't).

Since then a number of illustrious writers—Swinburne, Walter de la Mare, Dorothy Sayers, Eliot—have praised his novels (each of them, by the way, being significant for his own flair for the demoniac). But Kenneth Robinson has been the first to offer a full biography. Working with scant materials—for there is actually very little known of Collins's personal life—he has given us as thorough and serviceable a portrait as we need. (Though he might, I think, have made some mention of Edgar Poe, whose stories Collins surely knew, if only through Dickens, who had been in

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correspondence with Poe as early as 1842, over a review of "Barnaby Rudge" which Poe had criticized precisely in point of its loose construction.)

What we could use now, if there is a publisher in the house, is a cheap, unscholarly reprint of "Armada," and maybe a selection of the shorter tales. For though in themselves Collins's stories are not of even secondary value, they remain not only magnetically readable, but their total image is a far more revealing index to the nineteenth-century consciousness than the works of many a more touted writer; say Trollope, or Thackeray, or even Meredith.

ROBERT PHELPS

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL NIVEN is a staff correspondent in London of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

VERNON WATKINS is a Welsh poet. His latest book is "North Sea," a translation from Heine.

MARIE SYRKIN is the author of "Blessed Is the Match. The Story of Jewish Resistance."

ROBERT E. GARIS, music critic, is in the Department of English at Wellesley College.

ROBERT PHELPS contributes to various magazines, including the *New Republic* and the *Progressive*.

Books in Brief

THE ELLEN KNAUFF STORY. By Ellen Raphael Knauff. Norton. \$3.50. A first-person story by the German war bride who was barred from this country in the erroneous belief that she had acted as a spy while employed by the American Army of Occupation, and who won admission only after a three-year battle with the Immigration Department. The crux of the case was the fact that the alien has no rights but only privileges and that his admission is in the hands of Immigration officials who often act on the basis of hearsay or confidential information that the accused has little or no chance to controvert. Under the circumstances and in view of the apparent strength of the case made against Mrs. Knauff by informers who were either prejudiced or mistaken, it is amazing and, on the whole, encouraging that Mrs. Knauff was able to fight her case through to victory even with the aid of a devoted husband, an excellent lawyer, and the support of influential newspapers.

GLORY ROAD. By Bruce Catton. Doubleday. \$4.50. This history of the Army of the Potomac from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg can be recommended without qualification. Mr. Cat-

ton's preceding volume, "Mr. Lincoln's Army," was called in these pages "a splendid example of popular interpretative history." His new book is at least as interesting in its material and equally graphic in its presentation. Based on letters, diaries, regimental histories, reminiscences, and reports, it has the great merit of immediacy; of forcing the reader, as it were, to participate in the stupidities and heroisms of these campaigns and the experiences of the men who did the fighting.

THE GREAT GOD PAN. By Robert Payne. Hermitage House. \$3.75. A lyrical analysis and appreciation of Chaplin as the modern reincarnation of Pan and inheritor of the art of Pierrot, Punch, Harlequin, and the great mimes and clowns of history. After thus tracing his artistic ancestry, the author describes his development, film by film, from "Kid Auto Races at Venice," the first farce in which he appeared "wearing his strange, subtle and faintly terrifying mask," down through "Monsieur Verdoux." One of the best of the forty-five books of which this assiduous young man is the author.

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. MORRIS. By Howard Swiggett. Doubleday. \$5. The publication some years ago of the Gouverneur Morris Diaries revealed this aristocrat of the Revolution to have been a brisk, exuberant lover and a complex and fascinating man. As a writer Mr. Swiggett is no great shakes, but by leaning heavily on the diaries and on letters he has produced a biography filled with lively incidents and illuminating characterizations and observations, particularly of the Reign of Terror which Morris witnessed at first hand as Minister to France.

POEMS OF MR. JOHN MILTON. The 1645 Edition. Edited, with Essays in Analysis, by Cleanth Brooks and John Edward Hardy. Harcourt, Brace. \$5. The student of Milton—it would have to be a student—who applies himself to this volume will be confronted with serious business, both in the matter and the manner. Feeling that previous Miltonian scholarship has been too little concerned with the poems as poems, the editors here direct the student by close reading to arrive at evaluation; they offer in the end not final judgment but

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only "preliminary scaffolding, or, to change the metaphor . . . rough contour maps of the poems." Yes, but. The trouble is that a tractable temperament might well be completely satisfied with what he has been told; the maps are so detailed, the lines so firmly drawn, that it would take a resilient and hardy spirit to insist on further exploration.

THE CHATTANOOGA COUNTRY, 1840-1951. By Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood. Dutton. \$5. An excellent addition to the growing list of American regional histories. As frontier territory, as the scene of one of the bloodiest campaigns of the Civil War, as an early industrial center of the South, and as TVA country, the Chattanooga region has had an exceptionally picturesque history which the authors describe in a book of somewhat more than local interest.

Drama

JOSEPH
WOOD
KRUTCH

THE CHASE (Playhouse Theater) is the latest offering to be directed by the currently indefatigable José Ferrer. By now the earmarks of his product are beginning to be recognizable and "The Chase," like "The Shrike," might be described as topical melodrama. My colleague of the *Herald Tribune* called it "a Western with ethical commercials," which is more picturesque as well as more unkind and also raises the grave question whether or not the best interests of either melodrama or ethics are served by the combination. Certainly the total effect of the present work is no better than so-so.

The scene is a small Texas town which happens to have elected a very upright and somewhat introverted sheriff. A local bad boy who had graduated from youthful delinquent to full-fledged killer has just escaped from the penitentiary and is momentarily expected back to kill the sheriff who caught him last time. The town is up in arms. It wants the killer killed, not captured again, and it has begun to organize a lynching mob. But the sheriff hates violence; he has some vague feeling that that the community may just possibly be partly responsible for the criminal; and

he is determined at all events to take the killer alive. Then, at the last moment, he himself loses his head and shoots the victim down. Next morning he is back in his office convinced that he has somehow failed in his duty and ready to make a fresh start. He will have a talk with a twelve-year-old whose mother has phoned in that she can no longer control him.

The principal difficulty seems to be not so much that ethical considerations interfere with melodrama as that no one is much disposed to thought while murderers are peeping through windows and revolvers are being flourished in all directions. In art as in life it tends to be true that passion and violence get the attention when they have an opportunity to bid for it and that only when they are recollected in tranquillity can they themselves be thought about. Melodrama accepts this fact frankly and generally simplifies a given situation very much as passion and violence simplify it. The villain is a villain, the hero is a hero, and when the right man gets killed we have no doubt that he should have been.

"The Chase," on the other hand, is content with nothing so simple. It asks us to think clearly in the midst of excitement and in asking that it asks the impossible. In fact it seems to have asked the impossible of the author himself since it can hardly be argued that he makes any important contribution to the solution of the questions he raises. Melodrama wins if anything does and the principal effect of the "ethical commercials" is, first, to slow the action down, second, to deprive the audience of an important part of melodrama's simple satisfactions by preventing that perfect identification with the hero upon which those satisfactions depend. Perhaps in this particular case there are commercial justifications. Perhaps an audience a little ashamed of melodrama will assure itself that what it is seeing is a sort of problem play. But commercial justifications are not necessarily artistic ones and "The Chase" is not thoughtful enough to be a play of social significance, not simple enough to be a first-class melodrama.

John Hodiak gives an effective, straightforward performance as the sheriff and Kim Hunter a pleasant one as his troubled wife.

Music

B. H.
HAGGIN

COMING barely a week after the shrewdly contrived trash of Menotti's "Amahl," the ANTA revival of Gertrude Stein's and Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts" provided a refreshing experience of real and distinguished theater art. The album of the Victor recording of "Four Saints" quotes a statement by Thomson about "the poet's liberties with logic and the composer's constant use of the simplest elements in our musical vernacular" to evoke "something . . . of the childlike gaiety and mystical strength of lives devoted in common to a non-materialistic end. . . ." And it is true that one hears only "the simplest elements in our musical vernacular"; but it is also true that one hears a "constant use of them"—that is, a mind constantly at work with them for its purposes; and this activity produces something complex and origi-

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nal which achieves brilliantly the "childlike gaiety and mystical strength" of its objective.

Concerning the method of the activity and its results I can say nothing more than what I said ten years ago: "By separating and differentiating the repetitions of a Gertrude Stein verbal sequence Thomson's music articulates them, gives them point and even sense; the music also imparts to them its own structure and climax; and its effect is often the most delightful humor. Some of the humor consists in skilful musical pointing up—by the high-lighting of a group of words, the placing of it in relation to its context—of Miss Stein's surprises and irrelevances of juxtaposition; and to these Thomson adds occasional incongruities of his contriving between words and music—words of little or no sense or weight, musical style and structure of great emotional import and weight. But when such music is given to words like the 'led, said, wed, dead' sequence the result is very moving."

As for the production, it has the superb singing of Inez Matthews, Martha Flowers, Rawn Spearman, Edward Matthews, and some of the other principals and the chorus (prepared by William Jonson) of the Negro cast; and their charming acting and stylized movement in which they were directed by William

Dollar. I have a recollection, however, of scenery and costumes in the 1934 production handsomer than the new ones by Paul Morrison "after the original models by Florine Stettheimer," according to the program (Stark Young's 1934 review attributes the original costumes to Kate Lawson). My recollection is of a backdrop of a delicate tint, instead of the almost garish blue of the new one; of costumes for the dancers that were in harmony with the rest, instead of their obtrusive—and, in the tango number, ugly—present costumes. And my recollection is of movements devised for the dancers by Frederick Ashton which also were in harmony with the others, instead of the present dance movements devised by Mr. Dollar whose style and tone are a recurrent unpleasant false note in the occasion of childlike gaiety and innocence.

But even with its defects the new production gives us something outstanding and distinguished in our theater.

Rubinstein's newly recorded performances of Chopin's Polonaises on a 12-inch and a 10-inch RCA Victor LP are more grandiosely proclamatory than the ones on the old 78's—which means that they distend and even distort the music that is treated with quieter sensitiveness and elegance on the old records. And in addition there is the difference between the clanky sound of his American Steinway piano and the sound of the Hamburg Steinway (the most beautiful in the world) in the old performances. The best of the works are all on the 12-inch record.

There is some interest in following the operation of Haydn's mind in the Piano Sonatas Nos. 23 and 32 on a Haydn Society record; and perhaps the operation would be more impressive and exciting if Robert Wallenborn pointed up the detail that is so uneventful in his fluent performances. As he plays the works only the slow movement of No. 23 is outstanding.

Debussy's "En blanc et noir" for two pianos, played this time by Vronsky and Babin, I again find uninteresting. The performance seems good; and the Columbia record also offers a two-piano arrangement of music from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka."

Rachmaninov's superb performance of Schumann's "Carnaval" has been

dubbed onto a Victor LP which reproduces it excellently.

Less valuable are most of the performances on Victor's LP record *Great Pianists of the Past Play Chopin*. De Pachmann's and Rosenthal's playing is as mannered as most of the singing of their time; Paderewski is more straightforward—but only for a time; Levitzki is fluent but without any force; Cortot plays the *Berceuse* with constant changes of pace, whereas the character of the piece requires a single tempo to be maintained throughout; Rachmaninov indulges in distortions; and only Lhévinne plays with simplicity and continuity of phrase outline in what I consider an effective performance of the *Polonaise in A flat*.

Columbia has dubbed onto LP all the old Weingartner recordings of Beethoven's symphonies; and I have heard the "Eroica," the Eighth, and the Ninth. I feel a need for more intensity in the "Eroica"; but in its unemphatic way the performance is good, except for some changes of pace in the first two movements; the recorded sound suffers from excessive reverberation, excessive bass, stridency of the violins, and distortion near the ends of sides. The first two movements of the Eighth are well done; the third is a little deliberate but acceptable; the slow tempo deprives the finale of its mercurial quality, and the pauses before the fortissimo bumps spoil their effect; the recorded sound gets muffled at the end. The placid first movement of the Ninth is something strictly for the Weingartnerites; the second movement is well done, as is the third (the violin figuration in variation 2 is inaudible) up to the coda, where I find the slower pace unconvincing (the sound is distorted here); the performance of the finale is good except for the fast tempos which destroy the effect of the wonderful *Andante maestoso* and *Adagio divoto* sections; the vocal soloists are unusually good, though the soprano breaks her last formidable ascent to high B both before and after the A sharp; the recorded sound is muffled at the end.

CORRECTION: In my comment last week on the Sadler's Wells Theater Ballet a sentence was misprinted. It should have read: As for John Cranko, I liked best his comedy "Pineapple Poll," and least his philosophical piece "Harlequin in April."

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Letters to the Editors

Is the Issue Congress . . .

Dear Sirs: I do not think that Willard Shelton should be allowed to get away with his weird and irresponsible review of Blair Bolles's book "How to Get Rich in Washington" [*The Nation*, April 12]. The review is characterized by a clear disregard of the facts, violent prejudice, and, apparently, deliberate distortion.

For example, Mr. Shelton says: "Nor does he [Bolles] seem to realize that some of the RFC's most harshly criticized loans were at least vaguely justified under a Congressional injunction that 'small business' should be helped." It is too bad that Mr. Shelton did not read the book as far as pp. 131-32 where this section of the 1948 RFC act is quoted and discussed in detail.

Mr. Shelton states that "even half-way smart financiers" avoid upper-bracket tax rates by manipulating the capital-gains provision. This is no doubt true to some extent, but it in no way contradicts the plain facts Bolles quotes on pp. 24-25 to substantiate the occurrence of a "tax revolution" since 1944. Whatever Mr. Shelton may imagine smart financiers are doing, the fact remains that in 1929 internal-revenue collections took 2.8 per cent of the value of all the goods the country produced and in 1949 took 15.6 per cent.

The review scoffs at the statement that regulatory agencies "tend to become prisoners of the interests they are supposed to regulate" which one would have supposed had become accepted by everyone as a truism. Mr. Shelton points to the pallid renaissance of the Federal Trade Commission as proof of his thesis although this can scarcely offset the devastating material the author assembles to prove his case against the FPC, the CAB, and the old Maritime Commission.

Mr. Shelton naively suggests that Senator Kerr's friendship with President Truman had nothing to do with the FPC's ruling in favor of the natural-gas interests. Mr. Shelton blames Congress, which had given "warning signs that any timid commissioner could read." The fact, of course, is that the key vote in the three-to-two decision was cast by Mon Wallgren, who had already announced his decision to retire and who did so some two months later. What terrors could Congress hold

for him if he was going out anyway?

A doctrinaire prejudice against Congress runs through this review. No one is going to praise the recent Congresses very much, but how can their sins exonerate Mr. Truman for appointing Boyle, Caudle, Nunan, Tom Clark, *et al.* in the first place?

Indeed, the whole thesis of Mr. Bolles's book is that the present corruption is a broad, complex, political question and not one of simple moral black-and-whites or of Congress vs. the Executive.

But then any reviewer who could compare this urbane and careful study to the nonsense of Lait and Mortimer is suspect in any case.

Washington WILLIAM V. SHANNON

. . . Versus the President?

Dear Sirs: "Getting away" with a review expressing doubt of the virtues of Mr. Bolles's book is not so much of a trick as Mr. Shannon thinks. Otherwise he might have been able to stick to specifics instead of slipping into a peroration impugning my motives and integrity.

My disagreement with Mr. Bolles involves the question of cures rather than of the diseases he describes. Even in handling the diseases, in my opinion, his diagnosis errs. "Washington itself

has become J. P. Morgan." This is no better than a half-truth. Is speculative investment dead in our country? Do oilmen get rich primarily from RFC loans or from tax favors from Congress—as well as, no doubt, some drive, ambition, and skill on their own part? I don't think that one paragraph on pp. 131-132 of what Mr. Shannon calls "discussion in detail," in which Mr. Bolles quotes part of the 1948 RFC statute, substitutes for adequate consideration of the social values of the RFC.

I naively shrink from imputations unsupported by evidence in what purports to be a documented political study. I said I doubted—and I still doubt—the insinuation that the Phillips Petroleum case—in which Senator Kerr was interested—was decided as it was because Truman told Mon Wallgren (or because Truman's desires somehow seeped to Wallgren) to vote for Kerr, as a specific result of Kerr's support of Truman in the MacArthur fight. The

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insinuation is there—clear and unmistakable—on pp. 19-20. Has Mr. Bolles any evidence other than his juxtaposition of separate facts? Has Mr. Shannon?

The Phillips case was not decided three to two by the FPC, as Mr. Shannon thinks, but four to one, with Commissioner Draper concurring in the decision but dissenting in part from Wallgren's majority opinion. So three commissioners who were *not* on their way out, who had *not* announced their forthcoming resignations, voted with Wallgren. How did Truman give *them* their orders and tell them to pay off politically to good old Bob Kerr? Neither Mr. Bolles nor Mr. Shannon vouchsafes. To me it seems possible that their decision was dictated by their honest judgment, and that Kerr's and the Senate's belief about what was likely to be their honest judgment was responsible for their confirmation. To me it also seems possible that they also observed the Senate witch-burning of Leland Olds when Olds was up for another term after fighting for regulation of the Phillips company.

A "doctrinaire prejudice against Congress" indeed! I suppose I should now call Mr. Shannon guilty of a "doctrinaire prejudice against the Presidency" because he—as I have done many times—criticizes some Truman appointments. I see no *lèse majesté* against the legislature in suggesting that the performance of the administrative agencies would be improved by a better Congress, one less scandalously gerrymandered in favor of rural districts and against urban interests, one more accurately representative of our people, one more responsive to what I consider the general welfare (non-doctrinaire variety). I cling to my weird notion that a shift in the political pressures in Congress would do more to improve the tone of the administrative agencies than any change Mr. Bolles suggests.

If Mr. Shannon wants to add a better President, all right. But I assume he knows that the long deterioration of the New Deal began when the conservative coalition captured Congress in 1938.

I consider many of Mr. Bolles's proposed remedies for evils disclosed by Congressional committees ill considered or scarcely considered at all. I do not think he has placed his scene accurately in the context of American history and political institutions.

For example, he writes on p. 218 that "independence" of the administra-

tive agencies "will be a mirage" so long as the President appoints their members, and suggests that "some system" be worked out so that the President and Congress "can collaborate" in choosing key men. What gibberish is this? Does he comprehend the function of the Presidency and the "collaboration" already existing in the form of Senate confirmation? I am wary of vague prescriptions for "some system" the nature of which in our constitutional order is left undefined. Also, wisecracking subtitles such as the one that conveys the spirit of Bolles's book: "Rich Man's Division of the Welfare State."

Washington WILLARD SHELTON

Fair-Trade Legislation

Dear Sirs: Your March 22 editorial on Fair Trade relies on something less than thorough reporting to reach its conclusion, with which I agree.

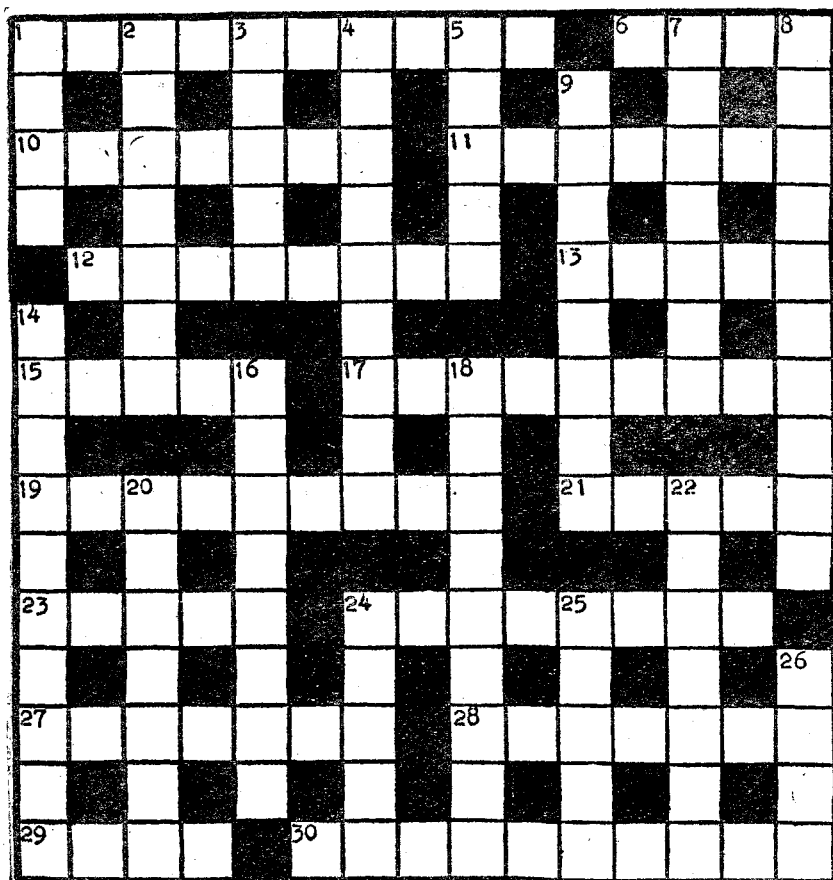
The House Judiciary subcommittee on monopoly power considered not only HR 4365, which would repeal the Miller-Tydings amendment to the Sherman act, but also HR 4592, HR 4662, and HR 6367. The last-named (known as the Keogh bill) would amend the Sherman act to get around not only the Schwegmann decision, voiding the non-signer clause, but also the Wentling decision, which weakened fair-trade laws as they apply to mail-order sales across state lines. The other two would amend the Miller-Tydings amendment simply to validate the non-signer clause.

Following open hearings, the full Judiciary Committee accepted the subcommittee recommendation of HR 6923, a rewritten Keogh bill, reporting it to the House on March 13, which you do not mention. Mr. Celler, chairman of both sub- and full committee, deserves commendation for his dissent, in which Mr. Jonas and Mr. Bakewell concurred.

It was not the I. C. C., as you stated, but the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, to which the McGuire bill (HR 5767) was referred. This aimed at the same end as the Keogh bill, but by amending the Federal Trade Commission act. It also provided criminal penalties, but after hearings (February 4-20) an ad hoc subcommittee, under Mr. Priest, dropped them before endorsing the bill. The full committee (with one opposed and two voting "present," but with no dissenting report) reported the bill favorably on February 27, which seems soon enough for mention on March 22. . . . Washington JOHN P. MANWELL

Crossword Puzzle No. 463

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Its possessors might love a product from Vermont, Louisiana, etc., and from the west, too. (5, 5)
- 6 How *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* begins. (4)
- 10, 24 across, 9 down. A complete span from rock to stone, perhaps. (4, 3, 6, 2, 3, 5)
- 11 Josef Strauss' music belonged to them. (7)
- 12 You could hardly be in the driver's seat in one of them. (8)
- 13 Steps taken by Hitler's minions. (5)
- 15 In the breast of Burns' fieldmouse. (5)
- 17 They have their points at Land's End. (9)
- 19 Hinders, in making a cherished variation. (9)
- 21 Tree an exceptional violinist springs from. (9)
- 23 In arriving at understanding, you'll find water. (5)
- 24 See 10.
- 27 Responsible for inflation, at times. (7)
- 28 and 29. The 17 type aren't what a fellow gets for breaking an engagement. (11)
- 30 Give the girls the air --- they'll take their turn! (10)

DOWN

- 1 Strain to make a fist. (4)
- 2 You might find noise or its equivalent wearing. (7)

- 3 Aggregate. (5)
- 4 and 9. A ruler in the serious condition of moribundity. (3, 4, 2, 3, 5)
- 5 "In thy higher sphere Thy spirit bends itself to loving—" (Lowell) (5)
- 7 Inventor of Romanic origin. (7)
- 8 What's the object of reading the riot act? (10)
- 9 See 10 and 4.
- 14 How to get Elia out of incarceration? (6, 4)
- 16 Al_2O_3 represented by the extremes of Sic. (8)
- 18 How to catch a criminal with a heart flush? (9)
- 20 You might think it scary --- in fact only half-human. (7)
- 22 Ran most of the way to get the ladies. (7)
- 24 Isle where the goat doesn't have foot trouble. (5)
- 25 Animal one might see coming up a shaded walk. (5)
- 26 Gets 3 like a dentist. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 462

ACROSS:—1 ANTIPHLOGISTIC; 8 FAIT ACCOMPLI; 10 IMMINENT; 11 PART; 13 SPIRIT; 14 ORDINANCE; 16 FLATFOOT; 17 ENESCO; 19 TIES; 20 TO THE POINT; 22 FALLEN ARCHES; 23 CORRESPONDENCE.

DOWN:—1 AFFAIRS OF STATE; 2 TRIUMVIRATES; 3 PLAINTIFFS; 4 LACING; 5 GAMBLERS; 6 SILT; 7 A MATTER OF TASTE; 9 SAINT SWITHIN; 12 UNINSPIRED; 15 MONOCLES; 18 SHINTO; 21 FAIR.

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